

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 23, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

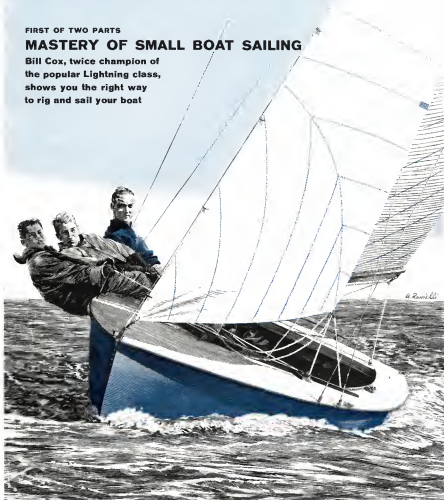
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Frank Liggett

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Frank Liggett is a Senior Research Chemist in our Research Department.

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YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED! Write: *The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*



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Cover: Bathol under way ▶

Signaling the start of his two-part series for America's sailors, Bill Cox skips his famous Lightning. *Zip Zapper*. His analysis of sailing technique begins on page 35.

Dancing by Anthony Barilli

Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



▶ As a thousand ballplayers head for big league training camps, Herbert Warren Wind tells what one of the most colorful of them all, Yogi Berra, does between seasons.

▶ A report from Daytona Beach by Kenneth Rabeen describing the Speed Week trials on the road and the stock car races at Bill France's fast, spectacular new track.

▶ The grand test of the newly laid Olympic ski courses at Squaw Valley will come in next weekend's North American races. Ski Editor Eira Bowen reports from the scene.

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The Worcester Times

Worcester, Mass.

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THE QUESTION: *Fritzie Zivic
says you have to fight dirty to
be a ring champion and men-
tions some prime examples.
Do you agree with him?*



JACK DEMPSEY
*Former heavyweight
champion
Los Angeles*

That's a ridiculous charge for Zivic to
make. Where does he get his facts? A
fighter can be rough without being dirty.
Sure I was rough, plenty rough, but never
dirty. I probably hit some foul punches,
but never intentionally. The better a
fighter a man is, the more of a gentleman.
Look at Gene Tunney.



JACK LESCAULT
*Television personality
Whittier, Calif.*

Nonsense. Heavy Armstrong held three
world titles and never made a dirty move.
The same goes for Joe Louis, who wasn't
even mean, except in his second fight with
Max Baer, who had previously
knocked Joe out. Carmen Basilio knows
every dirty move in the ring but never
uses them.



GENE TUNNEY
*Retired undefeated
heavyweight cham-
pion*
Shawford, Conn.

That's a stupid statement. No one can talk about dirty fighting better than a dirty fighter. The one way and to become a great fighter is to be a dirty one. You can't point to any champion in the history of the game and say he was a dirty fighter. Dirtiness and championships simply can't be mixed.



WILLIAM KEEFE
*New Orleans Times-
Picayune*
Sports editor

I don't believe it. There are many champions who fought clean. Tony Canzoneri, Pete Herman, Freddy Welsh from Wales, Jack Johnson, etc. Sandy Saddler, a champion, was the dirtiest fighter I ever saw. Jack Dempsey's relentlessness made him appear dirty at times. But what foul play is there in that?



NED SMITH
*New York Herald
Tribune*
Sports columnist

There have been many deliberate violations of the rules. There's no question that Willie Pep, Sandy Saddler and Jack Dempsey paid little attention to the rules, but I wouldn't call them dirty fighters. Marciano has been accused of dirty fighting. I disagree. He may have been carried away with a fight, but his morals weren't.



JIMMY BURNS
The Miami Herald
Sports editor

Well, fighting is a pretty primitive business. A man has to fight savagely to win a championship and hold it. Where do you draw the line between savage and dirty fighting? How much difference is there? Rocky Marciano has hit after the bell but it was unintentional. Such a thing often happens in the ring.

continued

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NOTES continued



NAT FLEISCHER
New York
Ring magazine
Editor and publisher

I violently disagree. Zivic used foul tactics, but no champion I ever watched was a dirty fighter. Dempsey was occasionally called a dirty fighter because he never went to a neutral corner and he would crouch over a fallen opponent for the kill. He was within his rights; there was no neutral-corner rule at that time.



FURMAN BISHER
The Atlanta Journal
Sports editor

It all depends on what you call "dirty." Zivic, Saddler and Gakato won real rough bops, but I never called the native viciousness of Dempsey, Marciano and Louis dirtiness, which as I see it, is merely a rink, raw substitute for the killer instinct in fighters who don't have it. Boxing, after all, is a tough sport.



TOM BILER
Knoxville News-Sentinel
Sports editor

I don't agree Joe Louis was perhaps the greatest heavyweight. He won without dirty tactics. So did Gene Tunney, Tony Zale, Barney Ross, Tony Cantosen, Benny Leonard and many others. I'm sure that the champions who used dirty tactics could have been champs without the fouls.



BEN WOOLBERT
Los Angeles Examiner
Sports editor

No. Most champions are clean fighters. Rocky Marciano was rough, but he wasn't dirty. I personally know that it hurts him to hear someone say he was a dirty fighter. All that is necessary is to inform the public, and any dirtiness or abuse will be cleaned up. Habitually dirty fighters have never had much of a following.

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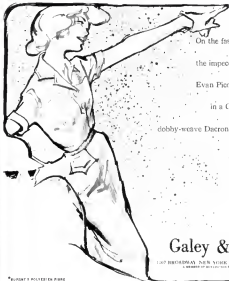
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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

Couch Babe McCarthy, a mere neophyte in the hostile SEC jungle, had one trick more up his sleeve than Kentucky's effusive Adolph Rupp and played it right (see page 50): an once-beaten Mississippi State named the Wildcats 66-58 at Starkville to take second place behind Auburn. State's zone kept Kentucky outside and brilliant Bailey Howell skillfully eluded Wakelet defenders to put up 27 points and snare 17 rebounds. Five nights later the talented Howell scored 41 points to help the Maroons humble Florida 105-68 at Gainesville, and even the partisan Gator fans were moved to give him a rousing ovation. Kentucky found solace in Chicago, where it bounced back to beat Notre Dame 71-52.

While all the shooting was going on in Starkville, unbeaten Auburn was doing plenty of its own at home. The Tigers toyed with Florida 93-71 and shifted from its usual shuffle to a fast break in whom confused LSU 115-47 and run their undefeated string to 28. But Auburn was not yet out of the woods. The sharpshooting Tigers, only a smidgen ahead of Mississippi State in the SEC standings, still had to prove that they, too, could sell the Cats when they face Kentucky at Lexington next Saturday.

North Carolina State picked up ground in the ACC, suppressing Duke 80-72 and beating Maryland 53-37, but the Wolfpack gained little comfort from North Carolina's activities. The Tar Heels parlayed a magnificent second-half defensive effort by Sophomore Doug Moe, who cooled off Wake Forest's George Ritchie, into a 75-66 victory over the Deacons at Winston-Salem after flaring tempers blossomed into a small-scale riot. Then, North Carolina moved on to Chicago to trim Loyola 76-67.

West Virginia, upset by NYU in New York (see EAST), returned to the usually banier confines of the Southern Conference but found Richmond in no mood to be taken and barely squeaked by the Spiders 64-62 for its 45th consecutive league triumph. Earlier Virginia Tech bombed Richmond 104-66 to tighten its grip on second place as spiraling Sophomore Bob Ayersman scored 47 points.

Perhaps the week's most responsive player was Davis and Elkins' Paul Wilcox. Finding his small-college scoring lead threatened, Wilcox took matters into his own capable hands and piled up 10 points to hoist his total for 18 games to 632 and his average to 35.1, as his team clubbed Glenville 116-90.

THE EAST

NYU, suddenly getting NIT fever, lured unsuspecting West Virginia into Madison Square Garden and proceeded to teach the mountain boys the facts of life in the big city. With Cal Ramsey, a Violet who never quite blossomed before, rebounding and scoring (30 points) like a pro, NYU's great outside shooting and board control beat the West Virginia zone press and forced the game into overtime, where the New Yorkers won it 72-70. Army, beaten by Notre Dame 76-60 in the Irish's first visit to West Point since 1931, also fell before rejuvenated NYU 80-66.

Villanova and St. John's, the first two teams to accept NIT bids, enjoyed



CONSUMED by futility, Oregon's Denny Strickland expresses his emotion by swinging from hoop after Cal's Al Buch stole the ball in mid-court, dribbled in to score.

mixed success. Villanova moved safely past St. Francis (Pa.) 89-69 and Calaluma 57-48, but St. John's bowed to neighboring Fordham 79-77 in overtime. St. Bonaventure slipped past St. Francis (Pa.) 72-68 to avenge its only loss and shipped Detroit 85-64. St. Joseph's defeated Penn 89-77 and Wake Forest 76-67; Manhattan outscored Syracuse 71-53 and Canisius 76-67.

Dartmouth and Princeton, still unbeaten in the Ivy League, moved increasingly toward their showdown games Feb. 21 and 27. Fast-breaking Dartmouth ran Harvard into the boards to win 71-50 and fought off Yale 76-72; Princeton had no trouble beating Co-

lumbia 86-71 and Cornell 70-52. But Columbia made the biggest news. After 17 straight defeats, the Lions finally found their claws and upset Penn 87-77.

THE MIDWEST

Idle Cincinnati was an interested bystander as St. Louis and Bradley began a two-game series for second place in the Missouri Valley. The bigger Billikens, beaten only by Kentucky and Cincinnati, made the most of bulky, 6-foot-8-inch Bob Ferry's rebounding and scoring to knock over the ailing Braves 72-53 at home, then outclassed Drake 64-46 to stretch their winning streak to 14.

Methodical Michigan State, minding its manners while the rest of the pretenders took turns stumbling, held off Michigan 103-91 and moved nearer the Big Ten title. Indiana's free-wheeling sophs did their faltering against Illinois and lost 89-83, but came back to edge Minnesota 62-57. Purdue was done in by tailender Wisconsin 91-86 and just squeaked by Northwestern 65-63 in overtime.

Kansas State shook off Kansas 82-72 and Oklahoma State 60-49 and was almost home free in the Big Eight. However, the week's kudos went to last-place Missouri, which upset Oklahoma State 51-44 and second-place Colorado 83-80. Independent Marquette's bubble burst in mid-air after 15 straight when little Howie Carl pitched in 31 points to give DePaul an 89-80 victory and Louisville downed the Hilltoppers 68-55.

THE SOUTHWEST

TCU, two full games in front of the pack, prepared to scoop up all the marbles in the SWC. Baylor and Texas Tech faded badly and only SMU's defending champions, who perked up to nudge Baylor 54-50 and Rice 60-57, remained to challenge the Frogs. Meanwhile, TCU carried on, flushing out Texas A&M 80-61 and Arkansas 76-71. Oklahoma City, the area's top independent, couldn't cope with Georgia Tech's free-throw accuracy, fell to the Engineers 71-63 in triple overtime.

THE WEST

The men were beginning to be separated from the boys in the PCC. Defense-minded California put the heat on Oregon 83-55 (see left) and UCLA 64-51 and wurlly peered over its shoulder at Washington and Stanford. The Huskies out-hustled Oregon State 75-59 to remain hot on the heels of the Bears; Stanford, enjoying another weekend in its crackshot gym, bounced UCLA 69-61 and Oregon 64-53 to take third place.

Utah jolted Montana 83-71, and its Skyline lead looked even better after Colorado State shocked second-place Deaver 60-52. St. Mary's clubbed COP 63-47 to race downhill toward the West Coast crown; Idaho State split with Colorado State College, losing 84-81 and winning 73-61, and neared its seventh straight Rocky Mountain title.

COMING EVENTS

February 20 to February 26
10 noon E.S.T.

• Video television • Telecasts • Network radio

Friday, February 20

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR 100-mile Grand Nat'l Inv., 1 p.m. NBC
Beverly Hills
NASCAR 100-mile Convertible Div., Daytona Beach, Fla.
BOATING
Mid-West Lightning champs, St. Petersburg, Fla. through Feb. 21.

- BOXING**
• Puller vs. Givens, middles, 10 rds., Madison, Ga.
• St. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

Saturday, February 21

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR 200-mile modified sportsman race, Daytona Beach, Fla.
BASKETBALL (video)
• Aukers at Kentucky
• Bradley at Tulsa
• Cincinnati at Wichita
• DePaul at Notre Dame, 4 p.m. (NBC)
• George Washington at West Virginia
• Kansas State at Oklahoma State, Midland, Tex.
• Maryland, Sports Network, Inc.
• Marquette at Xavier (Ohio)
• Minnesota at Wisconsin
• Rutgers at Boston
• St. Louis at Houston
• Villanova at North Carolina State

- BASEBALL**
• Cincinnati at St. Louis
• Detroit at New York, Philadelphia vs. St. Louis at Philadelphia

- BOATING**
• Portland, Ore. Boat Show through March 1

- GOLF**
• All Star Golf, Seaworld vs. Tish, Seaworld, Fla., 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

- HOCKEY**
• Boston at Montreal
• Chicago at Detroit, 2 p.m. CBS
• New York at Toronto

- HORSE RACING**
• Midway Handicap, \$100,000, Hialeah, Fla., 4 p.m. NBC
• San Felipe Handicap, \$50,000, Santa Anita, Calif., 4:10 p.m. P.S.T. CBS
• Farner Novices, New York Athletic Club Regulated Stakes, Yonkers Island, N.Y. also Feb. 22

- BOXING**
• North American Men and Women's Giant Show, Fresno Valley, Calif.

- BOATING**
• National Spanish Barquet Amateur Champ., Breaux through Feb. 23
TRACK & FIELD
• U.S. Indoor Champs., Med. Sq. Garden, New York

Sunday, February 22

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR 200-mile Swampstakes, Daytona Beach, Fla.
BASKETBALL (video)
• Boston at Cincinnati
• Detroit at Syracuse, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
• Minnesota at St. Louis
• Philadelphia at New York
BOXING
• North American Men & Women's Golden Gloves, Fresno Valley, Calif.
• Nat'l 261 Juv. Champs., Los Angeles, Wash.

Monday, February 23

- HORSE RACING**
Washington vs. Hurdley Handicap, \$50,000, Santa Anita, Calif.
BOXING
• North American Men and Women's Debutell Champs., Fresno Valley, Calif.
BOATING
• World Nat'l Cup, U.S. women vs. Brazil women, Philadelphia

Tuesday, February 24

- BOATING**
• World Figure Skating Champs., Colorado Springs, Colo. through Feb. 25

Wednesday, February 25

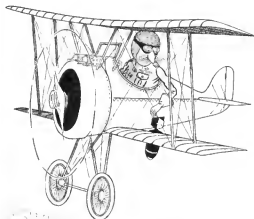
- BOXING**
• Head vs. Wally, middles, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. ABC
HOCKEY
• Houston Fat Stock Show, Houston through March 8

- GOLF**
• St. Louis vs. Debutell Champs., Philadelphia through Feb. 26

Thursday, February 26

- BASKETBALL** (video)
• Central Intercollegiate Athletic Assn. Tourney, Durham, N.C. through Feb. 26.

* See local listing



MASSIVE RETALIATION

in which Capt. Smyth-Ffollett (R.F.C. Ret.) single-handedly attempts to stem the ever-increasing flow of Lamplighter Gin to the States by bombing the latest shipload.



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Photographs by John Sadory

TRIAL

After chasing victory for years in a homemade bobsled, Art Tyler wins the championship with a whoop and a holler

by WILL LANG

ST. MORITZ is a Miami-in-the-snow, with millionaire magnates moving into hotels with large retinues and Elsa Maxwell due at any moment. Attractive ladies in tight stretch pants preen themselves in hotel bars and salons at all hours, Dr. Gut's clinic is enjoying its seasonal spurt of shaping wet plaster around limbs of daily ski casualties, and Shipowner Stavros Niarchos uses a helicopter to take him to remote peaks or to a glorious new ski run without having to wait in line for a ride in the *Wäldersee*.

In this heady mountain air last week bobsledders from 10 nations congregated for their annual world championship. They, too, had a democratic spread, from a Spanish marquis and an English lord to a lumber salesman, several U.S. marines and two cops from Saranac Lake, N.Y. They had a common purpose, however, and it was a simple one: to slide as quickly as possible down a precipitous, convoluted one-mile stretch of ice outside the town.

For them, everything else in gay St. Moritz was secondary. But to be on the safe side, some teams brought their wives and others were closely chaperoned by managers alert for any signs of backsliding.

The start of the icy run is on a hill at the edge of St. Moritz, and its finish is down the Engadine Valley, at the edge of another town: Celerina. In between there is a drop of 395 feet and 16 curves of varying challenge and colorful nomenclature: Snake,

HURTLING around Horse Shoe Curve, a sled climbs the glare ice wall toward spectators as it carves by at 65 mph

AND TRIUMPH

Horse Shoe, Shamrock, Dyke, Bridge and The Leap. Each curve has its feminine eccentricities and moods which change as morning temperatures rise and the ice melts slightly. Drivers who do best whipping down the course at speeds approaching 80 mph are those who compromise with these ladies rather than fight them.

Hard work and experienced teamwork paid off in the two-man bobsled world championships, which were held first. After the first day's runs the leading Italian duo of Sergio Zardini and Luciano Alberti were ahead (by 8 100 of a second) of the Americans, Physicist Arthur Tyler and Marine Lieutenant Tom Butler. In third place, one and a half seconds off the lead, was the defending champion, Italy's Eugenio Monti, and an old teammate, Renzo Alvera. The Americans were riding a sled of Tyler's own design, which was having trouble getting off to fast starts in that brief period before jumping in. On the final runs next day Zardini turned in a damaging time when his sled bumped and slowed on the wall en route. Then old pro Monti broke up the ball game with a new course record of 1:20.36. The order at the finish of the two-man bobsled championships: Monti, Zardini and Tyler.

Monti at 165 and Zardini at 132 pounds typify bobsledding's trend toward smaller and more active men. Until 1952 the sled weight was standardized but crew members could weigh as much as they could eat. As a result the heaviest teams usually got to the bottom fastest, for it's accepted knowledge that a fat man will slip faster over an irregular downhill course than a small boy. But the days when burly bobsledders floated like icebergs down the mank-lined streets of St. Moritz ended with the 1952 Olympics, when the German team, which won the four-man title, was found to weigh a total of 1,050 pounds—close to 260 per man. Rules were

quickly changed to discourage monstrosities from taking to the ice, and the total team weight on the hoof now cannot be more than 882 pounds. Teams weighing less are entitled to add the weight difference to sleds in the form of lead which, being lower to the sled's center of gravity, is considered more helpful by some than big paunches and haunches in gaining acceleration rapidly. Smaller men are also better at starting sleds.

When the two-man bobsleds were put away, the big four-man sleds were brought out for Martineau Cup competition, a two-morning meet designed to reduce teams to two per nation for the four-man world cham-

pionships which were to follow. The U.S. had four entries: Tyler's, an Air Force team driven by Major Jerry O'Toole, one assembled by veteran Dick Severino, and the Lake Placid crew of Stanley Benham. Art Tyler went in with a good record as bridesmaid, having taken third in the 1956 Olympic's four-man and third in the 1957 world championship.

The German team driven by Franz Schelle, who placed second to teammate Hans Roesch in last year's world championship, had not competed in the two-man events, but now he raced away as though he'd been practicing on the Moritz run since the middle of

continued



CHIEF architect of U.S. victory, Driver Tyler designed winning sled himself.



YOUNGEST on U.S. sled, Gary Sheffield, 21, is a marine from Lake Placid, N.Y.



BIGGEST man of lightweight Tyler crew, Parker Vooris weighed in at 215 pounds.



Toughest man on the sled, Tom Butler handled rugged job of applying brakes.



RUNNER-UP IN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS. ITALY'S NO. 2 SLED, DRIVEN BY SERGIO ZARDINI, BUZZES THROUGH A HIGH-SPEED

BOBBLED TRIUMPH *Continued*

January, Tyler set the lowest single time of the meet with 1:18.37, but his crew was still having trouble getting started quickly, and Schelle's consistent low times won him the Martineau Cup by a full half second over Italy's wispy Zardini. Close behind was Tyler's crew, with fourth and fifth places going to Switzerland's Zoller and United States' Benham.

The day of the first two heats of the world championships dawned clear, crisp—and tense. The hoholedders gathered, tinkered with their sleds at starting point, worried how best to save vital hundredths of seconds on each tricky curve. Stylish crowds gathered at vantage points. Reporters and photographers converged from all over Europe to clot the start and finish. Meanwhile, Tyler's crew had been working on their starting technique. They had spent a previous afternoon scattering nursemaids and children on a snowy lane near the bob run while they practiced starts.

Now the championships officially began as, with a whoop and a holler, Tyler and Co. shoved off furiously, pounding down those 10 to 15 initial yards before jumping on the sled and disappearing around the first bend. It was not a particularly fast start,

but Tyler's sled and driving usually combine to pack up more speed downhill than his rivals.

At the finish one mile away Tyler's crew braked to a stop in a cloud of flying ice, then waited impatiently for the loudspeaker to announce the time. It came, 1:17.90—Tyler had cracked the 1:18 barrier.

Italy's little Zardini shot down next after a fast start and shaved two-hundredths of a second from Tyler's time. The German wonder boy, Schelle, surprised no one by recording the fastest time of the opening heat—1:17.63. In the second heat (the championship would go to the lowest aggregate time over four runs) Schelle slid down in a sparkling 1:17.70. "My men are too light and my sled too heavy," Art Tyler muttered gloomily when he saw Schelle's time. Schelle seemed unbeatable. Yet Tyler's crew was all business when it moved to the start for the second and last heat of the day. "Get your hardware on," Tyler said, and his men donned their helmets. No. 2 man Gary Sheffield, a good Catholic, crossed himself while Brakeman Butler fussed with the sled's rear runners. Butler counted to three, they all strained, and ran, and they were off. Just 1:17.42 later, Tyler's crew was at the finish with a course record for the St. Moritz bob

run. Tyler's margin over Schelle midway through the competition was one one-hundredth of a second.

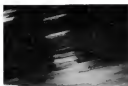
Shortly before their first run on the final day, Tyler's crew seemed to have encountered disaster. While the sled was on its side to allow the runners to be cleaned, one of the two vertical push bars at the rear snapped off at the base. These bars not only help the crew to push off to a fast start—they are needed by the brakeman, the last man to jump onto the sled at the beginning of the run. There was no time for repairs and it seemed like a crushing blow.

The American outlook brightened, though, when Franz Schelle (it had been rumored that he would tighten up under pressure) turned in a poor time of 1:18.51 for the first run.

No one went under 1:18 until Italy's Zardini came through with a sharp 1:17.74. Tyler's sled, minus one push bar, was next, and Brakeman Tom Butler wondered how he would board that speeding sled at the start.

Somehow he did, and the team turned in a brilliant 1:17.73 that narrowed the championship to a duel between Tyler and Zardini.

Zardini went down for the last time in a fine 1:17.94. Tyler was to follow, and suspense was keen at the starting



TWO-MAN WINNER. Eugenio Monti of Italy (right, above), smilingly accepts congratulations from a cluster of admirers. This was his third successive two-man title.

FOUR-MAN WINNER. Art Tyler (at wheel), steadies sled as brakes throw rooster-tail of snow at end of run while No. 3 man Vooris holds injured leg out of harm's way.

CORNER DURING THE MILE-LONG RUN

point—the question being not so much whether Tyler could beat Zardini's time again, but whether he would arrive at the bottom with his brakeman aboard.

Butler reassured his wife, "You know darn well that if that sled's going down the mountain I'm going with it," but with his teammates he was less confident: "I had to hustle to get aboard on that last run, I don't know if I can make it this time."

Tyler's crew grimly went ahead with their count-off, then shoved away. At the last possible second Butler threw himself after the sled, landing there on his knees with a crack. He was seen still struggling to assume a sitting position when the sled disappeared around the first turn.

Someone shouted excitedly that Butler had fallen off. No one was sure. The loudspeaker announced the sled's interim times as if nothing had happened.

Nothing had—except that when Tyler arrived at the bottom with a full complement of crew, his time was again better than Zardini's—1:17.77. American cheers rang forth at both ends of the run. Arthur Tyler's home-made sled, with a total time of 5:10.82 for the four runs, had brought the U.S. its first four-man world bobsled championship in six years.

END



GAME LOSER. Spanish driver Vicente Sartorius, who inherited sled from cousin Marquis de Portago after latter's death, drove to commencement Portago's bold spirit.



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE TURNABOUTS OF THE WEEK

The New York Yankees invite an Australian batsman, Tenzing takes skiing lessons, the world court tennis title changes hands and some of America's best men golfers ask some of the best women golfers for help

EVEREST CONQUEROR Tenzing Norgay turned up on skis—and at remarkably low altitude for him. In the Italian Alps, Tenzing is a guest of the town of Trento, where he skis several hours a day, plans to teach his new skill at the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute in Darjeeling. Tenzing's first invitation to Trento came in 1957, for a film festival which included *The Conquest of Everest*. The town has asked him back every year since, with all expenses paid. Say the townspeople: "He's wonderful." Says Tenzing: "Everybody very nice here, very friendly. Mountain people always friendly."



HARMONIOUS DUET was played by golfers Jark Penrice of Miami and Mrs. Marlene Stewart Street of Toronto, who won the national mixed-four-some championship at Jupiter, Fla. Playing shots alternately with the same ball, they defeated 86 teams of the nation's best men and women amateur



NEW WORLD RULER of court tennis, Northrup R. Knox of Aiken, S.C. (right), won the Open Championship from Albert Johnson, the professional at New York's Racquet and Tennis Club (left), became the first amateur to win the world championship in 45 years and only the second in modern history. Court tennis, the medieval, four-walled ancestor of



zoller. Grouped together under the Florida sun, the men stationed behind their playing partners, are the eight quarter-finalist teams. Perched decorously on the golf carts are Pat O'Sullivan, Mrs. Carolyn Cudone, Frances Rich, Joanne Goodwin, Roma Newburl, Berridge Long, Barbara McIntire and

Coswinner Marlene Street, who was 1966 U.S. Women's amateur champion. Standing are Willie Turnesa, former British and U.S. amateur champion, Dick Chapman, another national amateur winner, Ed Meister, James McHale, Howard Everett, J. Walcott Brown, Bob Cochran and the winner Jack Pennosa.



modern lawn tennis, involves complex strategy, quick thinking. Knox, 30, wary and aggressive, won three out of four sets the first day, same on the second, took his seventh and deciding set in 20 minutes on the third. World championships are not played every year; a challenger must post £500 as a guarantee of his sincerity. Johnson plans to rechallenge in 1968.

CRICKET HERO of Australia for his part in the rout of the English (SL, Feb. 16), 22-year-old Norman O'Neill signs autographs for a group of admiring youngsters down under. O'Neill's turnaround of the week was his decision to accept an invitation from George Weiss, general manager of the New York Yankees, to work out at the Yankee training camp in St. Petersburg this March. A shortstop for the St. George Club of Sydney in Australia's informal baseball circuit, he has hit .400 for two years in a row. He was spotted for the Yankees by tennis' Bill Tallent, who notes: "Fast, good fielder, wonderful eye."



A SHOW OF

AT New York's Madison Square Garden 10,000 tense spectators watched in hushed attention as a tuxedoed judge prepared to make the most important dog-show decision of the year. The occasion was the 83rd Westminster Kennel Club show, and the judge, Thomas Carruthers III of Glendale, Ohio, stood thoughtfully before the canine celebrities pictured on these pages. In the two-day event these dogs had beaten more than 2,500 of America's best to share the most glamorous spotlight in the dog-show world.

For oldtimers at Westminster, they represented perhaps the most surprising group of finalists in recent years. Representing the hound group for the first time in the history of the show was a Norwegian elkhound, who won his group over Westminster's 1957 best-in-show, the Afghan Shirkhan of Grandeur. An unfamiliar Irish water spaniel took the sporting dog award from such classic contenders as the

BEST-IN-SHOW at the Westminster was a miniature poodle, Ch. Fontclair Festoon.



TOP TERRIER, Strathglass Trim Maid, a Welsh, is examined by show judge (left).



WORKING WINNER, 172-pound great Dane Ch. Honey Hollow Storms Rudin, was favorite of the audience.



PROUD PEKINGESE, Ch. Chilo-T-Sun of Caversham, was best

SURPRISES

setters and pointers. An 18-month-old Welsh terrier, appearing in her third show, won the terrier group. In the working group, a great Dane, originally bought for \$150 as a house pet, came through to victory. The toy winner, on the other hand, was a pekingese who has won more best-in-shows than any other living dog.

It was not unusual to see a poodle in the winner's circle, but the black miniature at left was unusual. Before she entered the ring, her handler announced that this would be Ch. Fontclair Festoon's last competition anywhere. There was a stillness in the Garden as Judge Carruthers made his decision. With a gesture of his hand, he awarded Festoon her last and handsomest victory. Because Festoon is an import from England, the best American-bred in show awaited selection. On bowed bulldog legs, Festoon's group runner-up waddled into the ring and calmly took the prize from the other Americans already there.

Photographs by Richard Mark

BEST AMERICAN-BRED was Ch. Vardona Frosty Snowman, an all-white bulldog.



toy and small but formidable competition during finals.



SPORTING SPANIEL, Ch. Kallbank's Water Gate Wandree, was second Irish water spaniel ever to bid for Garden prize.



NORWEGIAN ELKHOUND, Ch. Tor-Innen's Bonn II, was best hound.

HOW TO BEAT DELANY —OOPS!

SINCE THE winter of 1955 Ireland's Ron Delany has sailed undefeated through one indoor race after another, though his rivals never stop trying. Last week in the New York AC's Halpin half mile, pictured in lap-by-lap sequence on the right, Delany was challenged by a potent field that had a grand opportunity to demonstrate, finally, how to go about beating this fellow.

All the ingredients were at hand. After an exhausting mile victory in Philadelphia the night before (his 33rd straight indoor win), Delany was dropping down to a relatively unfamiliar distance. Waiting there to face him was a talented group of runners that included the powerful and well-rested Tom Murphy, already a winner of two of the winter's cup races at the middle distances.

Murphy, who had planned to roar to the front and set such a fast early pace that the sting would be drawn from Delany's great finishing sprint, was boxed in at first by the crowded field. He finally got the lead and forced a driving pace, but Delany caught him on the last turn and edged past him to win the winter's most exciting race.

This remarkable picture sequence is a collector's item for real track fans, the sharp-eyed buffs who follow the strategy step by step. But there were other highlights, too. In Philadelphia Don Bragg raised the world pole vault record to 15-9½ (see page 26) and in New York young John Thomas, whose recent world high jump record of 7 feet was in jeopardy because AAU officials had neglected to recheck the bar, made it stick this time with another 7-foot leap.



BURSTING OUT OF FIRST TURN OF 8½-LAP RACE (1) DELANY LEADS, BUT ONE LAP



MURPHY LEADS ARNIE BOWELL (4) WITH JUST OVER TWO LAPS REMAINING IN



SPRINTING HARD TOWARD FINISH LINE MURPHY STRAINS MIGHTILY TO HOLD OFF



LATER (2) JOE SOPRANO IS IN FRONT AND DELANY THIRD. THEN, WITH JUST OVER THREE LAPS LEFT IN RACE (3), MURPHY TAKES OVER



RACE, BUT A LAP LATER (4) DELANY MOVES OUT TO CHALLENGE FOR FIRST, AND 25 YARDS FROM FINISH LINE (5) DRAWS UP ON MURPHY



IRISHMAN'S BID (7), BUT DELANY INCHES AHEAD (8, 9), GOES ON TO DEFEAT MUSCULAR RIVAL BY FOOT IN IRISH TIME OF 1:52.2

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

THE STRAIN OF IT ALL

AFTER YEARS of putting his mind and muscles into it, Villanova alumnus (and Army private) Don Bragg, 23, charged down a runway at the Philadelphia *Inquirer* Games Friday night and vaulted up, up and over a wobbly but eventually stationary crossbar 15 feet 9½ inches above the sawdust to beat the 16-year-old world indoor record (15 feet 8½ inches) of the great Cornelius Warmerdam. Reflected in the Bragg muscles from forearms to forehead, as he leaps over the bar for his record, is the tension that makes for a title.

Another kind of tension graphically recorded last week was that of Utah Basketball Coach Jack Gardner, an ulcer sufferer, whose fast-moving Utes are the team to beat this year in the Skyline Conference. Coach Gardner, an obsessional milk drinker, goes through a couple of quarts a game, has been known to swig his way well into a third bottle. Gardner settled on his milk routine, soon after he took over as Utah's head coach, on the advice of his doctor. Reluctant at first ("I'll get fat"), he settled for the slummed kind, now agrees: "It really soothes."



OVER THE BAR. Don Bragg prepares to flip vaulting pole over. Massive forearms, which supply much of lift, are size of Rocky Marciano's.



UNDER THE BENCH. milk in amber bottles awaits Jack Gardner's needs during Utah-Wyoming game in Salt Lake City, Utah.



behind early in game, gave Coach Gardner anxious moments, but pulled ahead for 86-57 win. Game was an easy two-bottler.



Woodcuts—designs transferred from carved blocks of wood—require the eye of an artist, the hand of a craftsman. Antonio Frasconi, a foreman exponent of this ancient art form, has both. The strong simplicity that marks his work is evident in this woodcut of Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn, commissioned expressly for The Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series. A full color reproduction, 17" x 22", available upon request.

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→ ARROW →
first in fashion

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Want to Bet?

LAS VEGAS' opening line on the 1959 major league pennant races looked like this:

National League: Milwaukee 4-5, San Francisco 5-2, Los Angeles 3-1, St. Louis 5-1, Cincinnati 10-1, Pittsburgh 20-1, Philadelphia 50-1, Chicago 100-1.

American League: New York 1-2, Cleveland 4-1, Detroit 6-1, Chicago 8-1, Boston 15-1, Baltimore 20-1, Washington and Kansas City 100-1.

If you happen to be a betting man, don't break your neck getting there to pounce on that overlay on the Pirates, however. Somebody else beat you to it. Within a few hours a flood of Pittsburgh money had narrowed the odds on the Pirates to 5-2—which is a lot more like it. As for the short price on last year's seventh-place Los Angeles club, it loomed as no bargain from the start. By nightfall the Dodgers were up to 12-1—where they belonged, too.

Want to bet?

Horses & Budgets & Nonsense

NEW YORK newspapers are giving a lot of attention to the proposal by the city's mayor, Robert Wagner, that off-track betting on horse racing be legalized. His object is to raise \$100 million by taxation on this new form of betting; that sum would get New York's budget about two-thirds of the way out of the red.

There has been a strong suspicion that the off-track betting project was never more than a political maneuver; it has been suggested that by espousing a project which has little chance of being approved by the Republican-controlled State Legislature, the city's Democratic adminis-

tration might be able to shrug off some of the opprobrium which would be heaped on its shoulders when it eventually turned to, say, an increased sales tax in order to balance its swollen budget.

We do not know if that suspicion is justified; we do think that it tends

to be justified by the document on which the mayor's recommendation is based. This is a 46-page report from a citizens' committee appointed by Mayor Wagner to investigate off-track betting, and it reads like something essentially designed to keep a

roadside

OFF-TRACK BETS MAY CHANGE TEMPO OF NEW YORK LIFE—News Item



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

good barroom argument going; in no practical sense can it be considered a serious job of work.

The report summarizes conflicting views on the principle of off-track betting. The committee, after consulting "distinguished leaders in labor, law enforcement and courts, church, racing and press," could find only two categories of opposition to the plan: the Protestant Council of the City of New York objected on the classical grounds that it was immoral and socially harmful to do anything to facilitate or encourage gambling, and the New York racing authorities adhered to the more tortuous opinion that off-track betting would greatly increase gambling, thereby leading to a violent reaction by reform groups which might sweep away the whole structure of racing in New York.

The committee cited in favor of the plan the reactions of the chief city magistrate, the police commissioner, labor representatives and public opinion (alleging that the most recent poll showed that 86% of New Yorkers approved legalization of off-track betting).

All that is interesting enough. But the plan lamentably fails to cope with any of the practical complexities involved. It seems fairly clear that no one familiar with the mechanics and mathematics of betting had much of a say.

The citizens' committee idea seems to be to authorize about 100 horse parlors in New York City, all of

which would have to be "reasonably distant" from "bars, race tracks, places of worship, schools, funeral parlors, welfare centers and unemployment insurance offices"—quite a trick, that is, if by "reasonably distant" is meant anything more than about two and a half lengths.

Bets made at these stations on the New York tracks would be computed at a central office, then relayed to the track itself for inclusion in the mutual pool. But what if you want to bet on a race at Hialeah or Santa Anita? The report has the barest suggestions that the city would like to book those bets, too (if it didn't, it would only be depriving hookmakers of a small percentage of their illegal trade).

How could this possibly be worked? It would be impractical to relay the money bet in New York to the mutual pools in Florida and California. Apart from anything else, this would require special legislation in those states, too. No, the city is thinking of keeping the money bet on out-of-state tracks, creating its own pools and payoffs. Thus, a horse that won at Arlington or Hollywood Park might go off at 4-1 at the track and at 7-1 in New York. Or vice versa.

This is only one example of the practical problems involved in the scheme which the mayor's committee has either frankly ignored or cheerily passed over. Nor is the confusion much less on the moral plane. What are we to think of a state where you can legally bet in one town (New

York) but not in another? If you live in New Jersey you could not bet legally at home, but if you went through a tunnel to work you could do so during your lunch break.

A final consideration which no one has mentioned is that it is inconceivable that a plan could be worked out and approved, personnel and premises found and machinery built and installed by July 1, which starts the city's fiscal year.

No, we would like to study a serious plan for off-track betting, and maybe one will come along, but we don't think Mr. Wagner has it at this time. In fact, although we are not political analysts here, we would, if pressed to make a modest legal off-track bet, prefer to wager on a higher sales tax.

Perpetual Birthday

MANY a small boy on his birthday has been torn between the overwhelming desire to be left alone to play with his toys and the parental warning to be polite to his guests. This, to some extent, was the dilemma of the state of Oregon as it celebrated its 100th birthday this week.

Like proud parents, Oregon's assorted chambers of commerce invited a bevy of outsiders in for a year-long celebration of the territory's accession to statehood on February 14, 1859. Entertainment for the occasion included banquets, parades, pageants, speeches from such distinguished outsiders as Vice-President Nixon and a seasonal kaleidoscope of sports events ranging from the Far West Kandahar ski championships already in progress through a world-championship log-rolling tourney in July to a sailboat regatta in August. By virtue of these diversions, Oregon hotelkeepers hoped to lure a record-breaking flow of visitors.

For all his indigenous hospitality, however, many an Oregon sportsman wished the visitors elsewhere, or at best hoped they wouldn't stay too long to overwork his state, which is already one of the fastest-growing in the Union. Oregon's birthday blessings, from the sportsman's point of view, are multifold and they have all

They Said It

BILLY MARTIN, sometime Yankee now with the Cleveland Indians, in best banquet-trend snapper since Casey Stengel bawled out the 1958 Yankee playboys: "All I can say is I'm glad I'm out of that bad environment."

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES E. BRIGGS, Air Force Academy superintendent, on the proposed national football conference: "We're little kids trying to mature in, so we have to talk about [the conference]. But our main goal is to beat Army and Navy."

MICHAEL FOOT, Labor Party M.P., on England's loss of The Ashes to Australia: "The reactionary, self-appointed junta controlling England's test teams has continued the Tories' task of lowering Britain's world prestige."

been there from the moment Explorers Lewis and Clark first spotted the Pacific beaches in 1805. Listen to our Portland correspondent, fellow named John White:

"Native Oregonians last weekend, spurning speeches, were picking up 25-pound steelhead from the Sandy River on the very edge of metropolitan Portland. Soon the smelt will be



showing up by the glistening thousands, and in their wake will come the annual run of Chinook salmon through the heart of Portland itself.

"By May the mountain lakes will be free of ice, and caravans of trailers will head out from the city to find their fun in the fresh waters of the highlands or alternatively in the coastal bays where schools of feeder salmon tempt the angler. White sails will blossom on the blue coastal waters. Public golf courses and tennis courts will play host to enthusiastic natives and visiting champions alike. And, come fall, the hills and forests will crack with the echo of gunfire as grouse, deer, partridge, elk, cougar, jack rabbits, ducks, geese and pheasants bow to the skill of the hunter.

"Best of all, from the native Oregonian's viewpoint, many of these sports can be pursued within minutes of the city limits. The Portland businessman can shoot a pheasant in season 10 minutes away from his office and catch a steelhead during his luncheon hour. His sailboat is only an hour or two away from him, and yet, not far to the east, there is outdoor wilderness almost as primitive as that discovered by the pioneers of the Oregon Trail."

Well, we get the message, White. We plan to drop in someday for a long visit.

Finnegan's Wake

REMEMBER Silky Sullivan, the big red colt that Californians (and a lot of others) were getting excited



"Monopoly or no monopoly, I have no intention of quitting the racket as long as they dog up opponents like this one."

about this time last year? Well, the crowd that might be called the Sullivan set had what might be called a fresh hypothesis last week. Three-year-old named Finnegan, California-bred.

Looking him over before the \$88,000 California Breeders Stakes, noting his big, red good looks, the cocky gleam in his eye, the green-blue braid lovingly woven into his mane, observant observers at Arcadia, Calif., sucked in their breath and breathed: "Finnegan. And he looks just like Silky Sullivan."

Some of them, well-hitten cynics, thereupon thrust their money deep in their pockets and left the track for the day. Enough of the other kind, clutching greenbacks in their fists, rushed faithfully to the betting windows to make Finnegan the favorite.

Well, and again well, we are obliged

to let you know that the shamrocks are wilting in Arcadia by the time you read this, and the Irish coffee is being left untasted, and the Finnegan Hypothesis is, for the moment anyway, being pushed well to the back of minds. When the gate opened, young Finnegan came stumbling out like a drunk out of a swinging door and gathered himself up, after a while, more or less like Sullivan. The race was a mile and a sixteenth; plenty of time for a Sullivan to catch up. But it must be admitted that Finnegan, very likely a name to remember to forget this year, came in next to last. Up front, it was a pretty good race, however. By the time he finished, some disappointed backers already had words and music for Finnegan's wake: "F-I-double N-E G-A-N spells bum again."

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Popularity by Air

DO YOU WANT to be popular? Would you like to go out in the evenings, make new friends? Well, it used to be that the only way to achieve these ends was to sign with Arthur Murray for a course in ballroom dancing, but now there's another way: you can take flying lessons.

Arthur Murray himself has nothing to do with it. It's just that his sales techniques have been borrowed by a former franchise holder and applied to flying schools, and they are working like a dance instructor's



charm. The salesman who made the ingenious switch is E. G. Ege ("the E is for Edgar, the G just for fun") of Minneapolis. One day in 1955 he drove past a little flying school at the edge of town, and thought: "Here I am, a potential customer. I have done some flying already, and I can afford to do more. But for 10 years nobody has tried to get me going again." Ege became the school's merchandising consultant, he used the Murray methods, and in six months the little flying school had increased its business by 500%; and was one of the biggest flying schools in the country. The genius of Arthur Murray—if that is what it is—is apparently as expandable as bubble gum and as adaptable as nylon.

Mr. Ege, like Mr. Murray, believes that you must find out what a potential customer wants from his lessons and then show him how he will get it. In his *Operatus Manual* Ege luts Sample Selling Sentences for all occasions. If the prospect's motive seems to be vanity, the instructor remarks casually, as they stroll out for a free trial lesson, "You'll have to get used to being the center of attention when you know how to fly." With the man who wants relaxation the pitch is, "You certainly get a feeling of getting away from it all up

here, don't you, Mr. Prospect?" To a business executive the instructor explains that, "When you fly yourself you can set your own schedules. You don't have to come and go when the airlines tell you to."

The Free Demonstration Lesson, of course, is another Arthur Murray device. But where dancing instructors use it to discover the prospect's natural ability, flying instructors use it to allay the prospect's natural apprehension. One particularly skilled operator loaded a family of four into a plane "just to taxi a little." The next step was to "take it off the ground about two feet. If you don't like it, I'll put it right down again." Naturally the two children, having got into the air, clamored for more altitude. In the end both parents learned to fly, and the family now owns a plane.

After his first success with a flying school, Ege sold his Arthur Murray franchises in Minneapolis and St. Paul and went into the new business full time. He theorized, correctly, that most flying school owners are good pilots and instructors but need help as salesmen. Now Ege supplies his techniques to 75 schools all over the country. The schools let students fly now and pay later, make arrangements by which the brand-new pilot can buy anything from one-tenth of an airplane, which he shares, to a whole one which is his own.

The toughest sales resistance comes



Sea Dog

On sailors' knots he thinks he's weak,
On bouts he thinks he's bright.
He's got them mixed—I sneaked a peek.
His barque's worse than his light.

—FRANK JOHNSON

from worried wives, but husbands themselves overcome it—or, rather, detour around it—by taking lessons on the sly. Then, with a mixture of pride and sheepishness, they present the true facts and the pilot's license at the same time. Sometimes, though, it is the wives who take lessons on the sly.

Ege assumes that flying is for anybody who wants to learn and can qualify. This includes that classic Arthur Murray customer, Mr. Lonely-heart, or the prospect whose motive is New Friends: "You'll enjoy all the people you'll meet through flying. Just sitting around talking flying is part of the game." It also includes that rollicking character whose motive is simply Fun. According to the manual, the instructor turns to him in the middle of the free demonstration lesson and says, "This is really living, isn't it, Mr. Prospect?"

Animal Story

THE ANIMAL STORY of the week comes from London, and we are told it is sweeping the British Isles like myxomatosis. Here it is:

There are these two lions, see, one old and one new—just arrived that day—who share adjoining cages. The old lion merely loafs on the floor of his cage, contemplating age and old life. The new lion, on the other hand, acts a proper beast, pacing and roaring and clawing at the visitors through the bars.

When lunchtime comes the keeper tosses a great bloody steak to the old lion, then throws two bananas and a bag of peanuts to the new lion. The new lion is so hungry from his exertions that he gobbles down the bananas and peanuts, but then he turns quiverously to the old lion. "I don't get it, old boy," he says. "Here I pace and growl and claw like a lion should and all I get is some bananas and peanuts, while you lie there like a worn rug and get a proper meal. I just don't get it."

"There's something you've got to learn," says the old lion. "This is a small town and a small zoo. The budget can't stand two lions. You're booked in here as a monkey." **END**



WITHOUT WAITING FOR SIGNALS FROM ANYONE, THE GREATEST HITTER OF THEM ALL TAKES A MIGHTY SWING AND MISSES

WHAT BASEBALL NEEDS

BY LAST WEEK all but the most obdurate—or self-confident—of the big boys had signed their new contracts. Soon millions of Americans would be streaming once again into the ball parks of their native land. On the other hand, millions of might-be fans would be staying languorously at home.

Through the winter, baseball's official thinkers have been reflecting as usual on the problem of these stay-at-homes. Maybe something should be done to speed up the game for them? The usual suggestions have been drawn up: cut down on the gub sessions at the pitcher's mound, move the bullpens closer to the diamond, etc. In a moment of inspiration last week Commissioner Ford Frick came close to the sensible truth. "Anything that will give the fans more action," said Frick, "that's what we need." He couldn't be right.

What the fans will see at the baseball parks this year (unless there has been a change of habits over the winter) is the game known as "percentage baseball." You know the game; unhappily, it's one the majors have been playing in recent years. On the bench sits the directing brain, the manager, percentage possibilities clicking in his head like the tumblers in a slot machine or portable Univac. By a system of time-honored wigwags he issues his commands to the third-base coach. The third-base coach goes

into his act, an intentionally baffling series of cap jerks, shirt pluckings, nose rubbings and thigh slaps which the batter—the supposed center of the game's action—has to step out of the batter's box to decode. Chances are that the signal, once decoded, says "Don't swing." You can watch it happen all summer: percentage baseball succeeds most frequently when the batter keeps his bat on his shoulder for the first three pitches.

Imagine, if you can, Babe Ruth, Rogers Hornsby or George Sisler looking down at the third-base coach after every pitch to find out what he was expected to do next—and keeping his bat at shoulder arms because of calculations in the dugout. In the Babe's day they had to stretch ropes around the outfield at Sportsman's Park, St. Louis and elsewhere to accommodate standees of a Sunday. St. Louis fans, as just one instance, would pile out to watch Shucks Pruett throw his left-handed screwball toward the plate when the Babe was batting. We say "toward" because Pruett's offerings landed in front of the plate as often as not and it was wonderful what it did to the St. Louis ego to see the Bambino strike out under these circumstances. If Ruth were with the Yankees today he would get a base on balls every time he faced a Shucks Pruett, and the fans would be the poorer for it while the park would be emptier. No one has attracted the

fans the way the Babe did, and no one is likely to do so as long as the modern strategist is running the show.

Mickey Mantle hasn't signed a new contract yet; he thinks he deserves more money. He does, too, and he deserves the chance to earn it under the rules the Babe and Hornsby and Sisler played by. The sight of a man as skillful as Mantle or any other able-bodied hatter, fully armed and with 20-20 vision, standing at the plate doing nothing with his lethal Louisville hut knocking nonexistent dirt from his spikes and using his magnificent eyesight only to peer down at third base for yet another don't-swing signal is the best reason that baseball has not yet thought of for those stay-at-homes. The saddest commentary on percentage baseball is the fact that the most colorful character in the big leagues today is not a great hitter or a great pitcher or a fabulous base-stealer but—of all things—a manager named Casey Stengel. Casey's "percentages" may win ball games, but we submit that they make unduly colorless automatons of Casey's expensive ballplayers.

The Yankees wonder why more people don't come to their games. Percentage baseball could be why. We repeat: give Mantle the money he wants, then let him earn it with his bat. He'll strike out a lot, but he may outdraw the great Ruth with his home runs.

END

ITALY PLAYS THE WINNING CARDS

The world champion bridge players invade New York, and with a runaway finish brilliantly defend the Bermuda Cup against the challenge from the United States and Argentina

by CHARLES GOREN

THE last lingering doubt that Italy has the world's best contract bridge team vanished last week, along with U.S. hopes of regaining lost laurels and South American dreams of achieving an upset. Before the critical eyes of this country's top experts and the bugged eyes of thousands of American bridge fans who came to the tourney and the hundreds of thousands who watched the final session on television, the Italian powerhouse captured its third straight World Contract Bridge Championship and sent the U.S. down to its fifth successive loss to Europe's champions.

The two Romans, Walter Avarelli and Giorgio Belladonna, and the four Neapolitans, Eugenio Chiaradia, Massimo D'Alelio, Pietro Forquet and Guglielmo Sennacalo, led by their nonplaying captain, Carl'Alberto Perroux of Modena, beat the U.S. team by 30 International Match Points and turned back a late surge by Argentina to win by 40 IMPs.

Right down to the wire it was a tremendously exciting competition. Italy took a narrow lead on the first day against the U.S. champions—Harry Fishbein, Sam Fry Jr., Len Harmon and Lee Hazen of New York, Sidney Lazard of New Orleans and Ivar Stalgold of Washington, with Charles Solomon of Philadelphia the nonplaying captain. It remained nip and tuck, with the U.S. a few points to the good on the second and third days, and on the fourth day Italy apparently fell apart as our team built up a 22 IMP lead. (An International Match Point is roughly the equivalent of 100 total points.)

Then, in a stunning turnabout on Wednesday, Italy bounced back to score 41 IMPs while the U.S. could garner only 7. In Thursday's play, the U.S. cut that lead to a mere 4 points, and on Friday, hut for an unfortunate misrue on the last hand, the match would have stood at an out-and-out tie. But the session ended with Italy 10 points ahead, and from there on it was a lost cause.

Argentina was thought to be the



BRIDGE-D-RAMA, the name given to the electric scoreboard above, gives kibitzers in darkened ballroom a clear view of the hand in progress. The four players, plus a referee and a narrator, sit in

underdog in both its matches but presented a strong team. Although they lost decisively to the U.S., they threw a scare into Italy until the final afternoon. And so the stage was set for the Sunday night showdown between Italy and the U.S., with our side trailing by 30 IMPs and only a faint hope of victory that never materialized.

In the earlier going, each team suffered a single blow through a mental aberration. On that final Friday night hand, Sam Fry pulled a wrong card to lose a non-vulnerable game. Earlier in the week Giorgio Belladonna had renounced (that is, failed to follow suit but discovered his mistake before it became an established revoke)—and thereby incurred a penalty so rare that it was news to most of the players, expert commentators and, of course, the audience watching



BRIDGE EXPERT Charles Goren takes his turn at microphone as commentator to explain intricacies of game to crowd.



soundproof fish bowl to the right. Above them hang the flags of the three competing nations, Argentina, United States and Italy. At the front of the audience there is a commentator who predicts and

analyzes the course of action. The hand, or board, shown is No. 73, played by Italy, sitting North-South, and Argentina, East-West. The same board is played earlier in a closed room (see chart at far

right) where each hand is originally dealt, but with the teams sitting in the opposite positions. The point difference between the two results, if there is any, is awarded to the team which did the better.

Photographs by Milton Eisenhower

the show on the Bridge-O-Rama. This was the situation:

East-West vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH			
♠	K Q 7 3		
♥	Q 8 3		
♦	Q 10 4		
♣	10 5 4		
WEST			
♠	10 3 4 2		
♥	A 10 9 7 4 2		
♦	K J 2		
♣	-		
EAST			
♠	J 9 8 6		
♥	J 5		
♦	A 9 8 6		
♣	K 7 6		
SOUTH			
♠	A		
♥	K 6		
♦	7 5 3		
♣	A Q J 9 8 3 2		
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	3 ♠
1 ♥	1 ♠	3 N.T.	
PASS		PASS	

The three-no-trump contract by South was reached in both rooms.

The bidding shown is by Avarelli (North) and Belladonna (South) because it illustrates one of the unusual sequences mandated by the use of an artificial opening bid of one club.

In the Roman system, which this Italian pair uses, the South hand does not qualify as a one-club bid, so South opened with the longest of his other three suits—diamonds. Thereafter, Belladonna's three no-trump bid was daring but not unsound.

West opened a low heart, dummy ducked and East's jack forced the king. With no convenient way to reach dummy for a club finesse, South laid down the ace of clubs and continued with the deuce, giving East a trick with the king. East returned his remaining heart, and South mistakenly discarded a low diamond. West played the heart 9 to force dummy's

queen, thinking that he had thus left partner with a heart to return. After taking the trick with dummy's queen, but before leading to the next trick, Belladonna suddenly realized his error and produced the heart 6. This mistake gave West the right to withdraw his card and play any other, but the offending side did not enjoy the same privilege so the queen had to remain on the table. West, of course, withdrew his 9 of hearts and played the ace, thereby running the remainder of the heart suit and setting the contract.

In the other room, with Fishbein as declarer, the first plays were the same. On the third trick East ducked South's lead of the club queen, winning the third round with his king. At that point a double-dummy return

continued

of a spade would have stopped the game, because, while South was in for the last time, he would have to run his clubs and in doing so would squeeze the dummy. However, East returned a heart, and when a trick was conceded to North's heart queen the declarer had nine tricks.

I don't believe that even my Italian friends will object to my describing board 72 as the miracle hand. It is true that great players have a way of making their own miracles come to pass, but this one—perhaps it's better to have you judge for yourself.

North's suit vulnerable		NORTH	
East dealer		♠ A	
		♥ Q J 7 5	
		♦ 6 5	
		♣ A K Q 9 8 4	
WEST		EAST	
♠ 10 9 5 3		♠ 5 4	
♥ 3 4 2		♥ A 10 3	
♦ K 8 7		♦ Q J 10 4 3 2	
♣ 7 6 5		♣ J 10	
		SOUTH	
		♠ K Q J 7 6 2	
		♥ A 8 6	
		♦ A 9	
		♣ 3 2	

First, let's observe the bidding by the U.S. with Fishbein and Hazen lined up against Siscalesco and Forquet in the fish bowl.

EAST (Forquet)	SOUTH (Fishbein)	WEST (Siscalesco)	NORTH (Hazen)
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	J ♠	PASS	3 ♥
PASS	J ♠	PASS	4 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

The capacity audience watching the layout on the Bridge-A-Rama electric board and hearing the bidding direct from the fish bowl, was, of course, largely composed of rooters for the U.S. There was a sigh of relief, therefore, when North and South kept out of the foreseeable trouble of a diamond opening against a slam contract. Indeed, the diamond 7 was opened against four spades, and Fishbein was held to five odd.

Then the bidding as it occurred in the closed room was revealed. Messrs. Belladonna and Avarelli had failed to keep out of a slam. But they had somehow managed to find it in the only makable declaration—six hearts! This was their auction.

EAST (Belladonna)	SOUTH (Avarelli)	WEST (Hazen)	NORTH (Fishbein)
2 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS	3 ♠
PASS	3 ♥	PASS	4 ♠
PASS	4 ♥	PASS	5 ♥
PASS	5 ♥	PASS	6 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	



SENIOR U.S. PAIR was partnership of Lee Hazen (above) and Harry Fishbein.



PONDERING HIS PLAY, Fishbein is observed by Referee Julius Rosenblum.

The bidding requires a road map, which I will endeavor to draw with the aid of my Italian interpreters of the Roman Club system. I refer to Avarelli and Belladonna, who have been employing it since the early days of their partnership with such enormous success.

East's opening was a "weak" two-bid. South's double announced a good hand, and North's cue bid was a game-forcing response fully warranted by his powerhouse. South declared his spades, and North showed his clubs. The surprise bid was Belladonna's four-heart call. He reasoned that North's cue bid in diamonds, if it did not include spade support, must be based on a four-card heart suit or possibly even five as well as good clubs!

The question mark following North's bid of five diamonds in the diagram is to indicate its type, not its tone. This was an asking bid. With no diamond control, South would bid five hearts; with king or singleton, five spades; with a void, or with the ace he actually held, South was required to bid five no trump. For his six-heart bid, North might have held a much better suit; at any rate, it left South with no option but to pass and battle it out.

Belladonna got the same opening lead of the diamond 7. He won with the ace, crossed to the ace of spades and played three rounds of clubs. The first phase of the miracle came to pass when East turned out to be the player with only two clubs. If East

ruffed with the ace, South could discard his losing diamond. Instead, he ruffed with the 10, forcing South to overruff with the king.

South took his king of spades, discarding dummy's diamond loser. Then he led the heart 8 and finessed against West's 9. The finesse succeeded, the trumps broke and the Roman gladiators lost only to the ace of trumps, bringing home the slam and a useful 6 IMPs for Italy.

The spectators, by this time perched on the edges of their respective chairs, witnessed a mild comedy of errors which wound up in a substantial gain for the U.S. on deal 60. This was the layout.

East's suit vulnerable		NORTH	
South dealer		♠ 9 2	
		♥ K 4	
		♦ J 8 6 4 3 2	
		♣ A 10 3	
WEST		EAST	
♠ A Q 10 7 6		♠ 8 5 4	
♥ 3		♥ Q 10 9 6 3	
♦ A K 10 9		♦ Q 7 5	
♣ Q J 8		♣ 7 2	
		SOUTH	
		♠ K J 3	
		♥ A J 8 7 2	
		♦ —	
		♣ K 9 8 5 4	
SOUTH (Fishbein)	WEST (Belladonna)	NORTH (Hazen)	EAST (Avarelli)
1 ♥	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
2 ♥	DOUBLE	2 ♠	PASS
3 ♥	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
5 ♥	PASS	PASS	

Perhaps Avarelli decided to leave in the double of one heart on the theory that the opponents could gain but little even if they fulfilled the contract. This would not have been our



THE first MG, vintage 1923 (left), was a stripped-down and soup-soaked Morris Oxford with Hotchkiss engine, cycle fenders, racy lightweight body and a top speed of 80 mph—a far cry from the streamlined version in the inspection shed on the right.

England to America— the Nimble MG

Three-fourths of the total production went to the U.S. last year, providing keen sport—and a seat for the girl friend

IN 1084, we are told, William the Conqueror celebrated Easter at Abingdon, a town situated where the river Ock, which drains the Vale of White Horse, joins the river Thames. Enthusiasts of motor sports couldn't care less. The thing that really matters about Abingdon, as they know, is that it is the home of the MG sports car, a perennial bestseller in the U.S. On the right, where just-built MGs are receiving final inspection, and on the following pages, the camera of the renowned French photographer Brassai shows the MG in its native habitat.

Writing of the appeal of early sports cars, the MG general manager, John W. Thornley, has said, "The motorcyclist knew the meaning of response to his controls, had experienced a surge of power when he opened the taps, had learned the importance of balance and of placing his wheels to a hair's breadth, [but] felt perhaps

that to keep the girl friend on a bracket behind him was a bit of a waste."

In America, during the great revival of interest in sports cars since World War II, capped and jacketed MG owners have indeed thrilled, charmed or scared the daylights out of a generation of warmly adjacent girl friends. More important, the MG has become perhaps the best-known symbol of what a sports car is. Last year the tea-drinking artisans of Abingdon built 20,637 streamlined MGA models (each an outrage, by the way, to the conservative types who cherished the previous squarish MGs), of which a full 15,492 were shipped to America.

Mr. Thornley thinks this is jolly good.

"If we knew all the answers to why Americans buy MGs," he says, "we should be home and dry to the end of time. The real attraction undoubtedly is that once the driver sits in the seat and takes hold of the steering wheel, he feels that he is in complete control, that he can wring the car's neck if it doesn't behave. At all times an MG is stable and predictable; it gives notice of its intentions through the seat of the driver's pants."





Sleek MGs move toward completion on the assembly line at the Abingdon works. The crane overhead drops a body shell onto a chassis every seven minutes. The line stops as the workers take 10-minute tea breaks at 10:20 and 4:20.

Duclos watch from the pleasant bank in the foreground as an MG unburiedly crosses the quiet Thames by antiquated ferry near Abingdon. As Photographer Brassai noted, the historic waterway is at this point *une petite rivière*.

Finished cars are arrayed in bright patterns in the big export car park at Abingdon, awaiting shipment overseas. White MGs are in foreground, standard Austin-Healeys and Spitfires, which share the Abingdon assembly line, are beyond.





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Quick change in Florida

**A pair of sequined shorts
almost short-circuited
Miami's dazzling horse show**

TWO WOMEN with clothing problems made most of the news at the Miami horse show at Dinner Key Auditorium last week. One of them was Miss Diane Eckman, a 19-year-old blonde who owned only one horse and barely any costume. The other was Mrs. Alan Robson, who had so many horses and so many costumes to go with them she hardly had time to change between classes.

Miss Eckman was first to claim the spotlight. When the horse show fathers glimpsed a newspaper photo of the 19-year-old blonde in a home-made parade costume featuring sequin-trimmed shorts, they said firmly—"No!" Diane pouted and countered with the traditional threat: "I'll sue!"

Diane's lawyer said his client had sat up night after night, sewing and sewing 2,500 sequins and 1,000 rhinestones onto the pink-and-blue fringed outfit. But the officials showed no pity, pointed to the rule book which specified that apparel worn in parade classes was to approximate that of the old West or the Spanish style.

Before *Paffaire Diane* actually got to court, a compromise was reached. Show Manager John Bowers decided Diane could wear a divided skirt which stopped just below the knee, thus permitting her to show some bare leg as well as the horse. The leg looked fine, but unfortunately it was the horse that was to be judged, and he finished eighth in the eight-horse stake class.

The tricolored championship ribbon in that event was won by Mrs. Robson's *The Royal American*. Since Mrs. Robson shows not only in the parade division but also in the western pleasure-horse and three- and five-gaited classes and drives harness show ponies, she is likely to make more changes of costume in an evening than Broadway's Auntie Mame.

Besides the parade championship, Isabel Robson won the western pleasure horse championship astride her handsome quarter horse, *My Chum*, and the harness pony championship with her high-stepping Albemarle Iona. Her Albemarle Acquaintance won the adult amateur three-gaited, and the mare's full sister, *Irish Glory*, owned and shown by 14-year-old Candy Shaffer, won the juvenile equivalent. Young Candy, like Mrs. Robson, was also one of the show's standout performers, winning the three-gaited pony championship with *Mischief* at Midnight and the reserve honors on *The Extravaganza* in the five-gaited amateur stake.

The prospect of a clash between Albemarle Acquaintance and *Irish Glory* in the three-gaited amateur stake provided the show's real anticipatory excitement. When the time came, nine other walk-trot horses were in the ring with them, and the sisters' expected two-horse battle turned into a three-cornered affair. The crowd was notably silent as the judge handed in his card, but there was a great ovation a moment later when the announcer proclaimed the winner and new champion: Candy Shaffer's *Irish Glory*. Albemarle Ac-

quaintance, alas, was third behind Fascinating Rhythm.

Everyone took this decision very well except a horse named *King Creole*. Before Candy could ride out to accept her award, the King jumped over the rail into a box full of spectators, losing his Owner-Rider Anne Smith in transit. The horse promptly left the box the same way he entered, but with a metal folding chair caught on his right foreleg. Assorted officials and 10 horses scattered wildly (one more rider was parted from her horse) as King Creole, chair and all, galloped down the center of the ring. The chair broke into pieces, the horse was caught, and there was no serious damage except to Candy's and *Irish Glory's* big moment.

In the hunter and jumper division the competition was not as rough as among the saddle and western horses. There was only a handful of decent stock in each division, and Laurie Ratliff, the 14-year-old *Wonderland* from Pass Christian, Miss. (St. March 3, 1958) was just about everything in sight. Some of the horses in these divisions would have been more useful in a bottle of glue.

It must be said, however, that the show as a spectacle was more opulent than ever, thanks in part to the promotional efforts of James D. Norris, a Miamiian by adoption who has gained more notoriety in the square ring. The crowds were large, if less knowledgeable than in the past. A good many people identified with Norris' other interests apparently came out of friendship for Jim, whose name appeared in the program 15 times. END



LONG AND SHORT OF IT, Mrs. Alan Robson (left), on *My Chum*, won three championships, while Miss Diane Eckman won nothing but publicity in banned shorts.

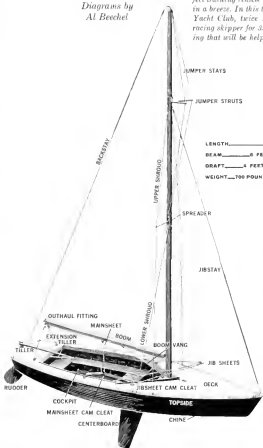
SAILING TO WINDWARD

by **BILL COX**
with **MORT LUND**

Drawings by
Anthony Ravielli

Diagrams by
Al Beechel

For most of the million or more sailors in the U.S., the boat below, the *Lightning*, typifies the many kinds of standard hulls known as class boats, whose fleets are the backbone of the nation's sailing. A boat like the *Lightning* offers the average yachtsman fast competition and safe fun in one tight package. Furthermore, it is the perfect training vehicle—simple in rig, easy to sail, lively and powerful in a breeze. In this two-part article Bill Cox of the Noroton (Conn.) Yacht Club, twice International *Lightning* Champion and a top racing skipper for 35 years, sets forth techniques of rigging and sailing that will be helpful to any class boat owner, beginner or expert.



No. 1 family racing class

More families race the 19-foot *Lightning* than any other type of sailboat. There are more than 7,100 of these versatile craft, 1,500 of which are owned and raced by members of the *Lightning* Class Association, one of the largest organized groups of active racers anywhere. The outstanding features of the *Lightning*, essentially unchanged since Olin Stephens first designed it in 1933, are her stable, roomy hull (left), her well-balanced sail plan (above), which includes a large spinnaker—not shown here but to be discussed in detail in Part II. Moreover, she has a relatively low price—\$2,200 to \$2,600 ready to sail, and there is a lively secondhand market from coast to coast. Finally, she has a retractable centerboard, as opposed to a fixed keel, so she can easily be hauled from place to place on a trailer or stored in the garage for the winter. Best of all, she can be eased off a mud bank or sand bar if the skipper suffers a lapse in navigation.

Tuning the mast

First problem with Lightning or any other small boat of similar rig is to place mast in approximate position for proper boat balance and to ensure that it will remain straight under the strain of sailing. Recommended sequence of steps below begins with tuning ashore, in which the jumper stays are set up. Next comes tuning at mooring and tuning under way. Then come the refinements of combination tuning, which is purely trial and error and may take considerable time, since adjustment in one stay often means compensating adjustments in other stays.



TUNING ASHORE. lay mast so part under the jumper stays hangs free. Tighten jumpers until mast is straight.

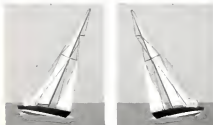
TUNING AT MOORING. start with all stays slack, then tighten upper shrouds (below left, in blue) so mast has equal clearance on each side of deck opening. Next adjust jibstay and backstay (below right, in blue). Begin by moving butt of mast and setting jibstay so that mast just touches rear edge of deck opening when top of mast has 10 to 15 inches of rake (backward lean). Now tighten backstay till masthead begins bending back, then loosen backstay until mast is straight. Place wooden wedges at foot of mast and in forward part of deck opening.



COMBINATION TUNING removes any remaining bends in the mast and puts as much tension as possible on jibstay so that jib will hold its proper shape. Use the backstay, jumpers and the lower shrouds only (all in blue). There is no set sequence. Start on one tack and straighten most obvious bends first, working around to minor bends. Then go onto the opposite tack and do the same. Return to mooring, use deck ladder to reach the jumpers for any needed adjustments in the upper mast section. Repeat cycle until jibstay is taut and mast stands straight on both tacks.



TUNING UNDER WAY begins with both lower shrouds (below, in blue) hanging slightly slack. On starboard tack (left) sight up rear of mast, which will probably be curved left or right. Pull inward on starboard lower shroud. If the mast straightens, the lower shroud needs tightening. If bend increases, pull inward on upper starboard shroud. If the mast now straightens, lower shroud needs loosening. Use same procedure to tune mast on port tack (right) by adjusting lower port shroud. Repeat entire procedure until mast is straight on both tacks.



TUNING ERRORS resulting in forward or backward bowing of mast (in blue) will reduce effectiveness of mainsail, designed for straight mast. With jibstay and upper shrouds taut, point on mast at top of jibstay (blue dot) is held in fixed position relative to hull. When masthead bends back, mast below blue dot bulges forward. Correct by loosening backstay, tightening jumpers and lower shrouds. When masthead bends forward, mast below the dot bulges backward. Backstay must be tightened and lower shrouds, jumpers loosened. Never correct forward or backward bend with jibstay or upper shrouds.

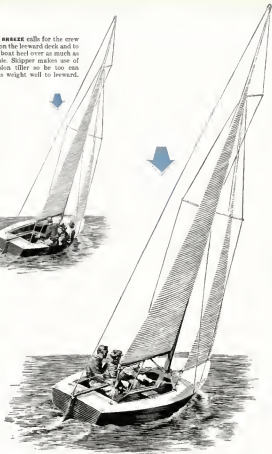


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LIGHT BREEZE calls for the crew to sit on the leeward deck and to make boat heel over as much as possible. Skipper makes use of extension tiller so he too can get his weight well to leeward.



MEDIUM BREEZE finds the crew on windward side of the cockpit (middle illustration), or divided between sides of boat, keeping windward chine two inches off the water. Skipper sits to windward whenever possible.



HEAVY BREEZE brings the crew out on the windward deck to hike, or lean out over water. In hard puffs (below) skipper hikes also, purposely spilling wind out of the mainsail to keep the boat from tipping over too far.



Controlling the angle of heel

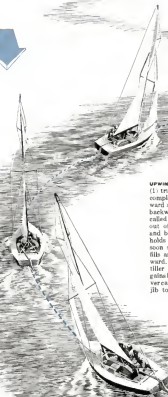
The degree to which a boat heels, or tilts, determines the shape of its hull under water. Since the most desirable underwater shape depends on speed of boat, the crew must shift weight when speed changes. In light wind when speed is low, resistance of hull comes from friction between hull and water. To reduce resistance, area of hull under water is reduced by making boat heel intentionally (upper left). At medium speed, best shape results when the windward chine (where bottom joins topsides) is about two inches out of water (above). At high speed in strong winds, greatest resistance results because boat makes waves. Keeping boat as level as possible (right) reduces wave formation and thus resistance. Arrows indicate wind direction.

UPWIND SAILING is done in series of tacks made at 45° angle to wind (arrow, right). This is as close to wind direction as boats can sail effectively. Surface ripples show direction of wind on water, or true wind. On moving hull, true wind is altered by forward speed of boat. This produces slightly different wind direction, called apparent wind. It lies between true wind and bow and is force that actually drives hull.



Going against the wind

No boat can sail directly into the wind (see arrow), since sails will not fill. However, a boat can arrive at a point directly upwind by making a series of diagonal slants, or tacks, first one way, then another (see diagram of left). Sequence below left shows proper way to make boat come about, that is, go from one tack to another. Skipper starts by pushing tiller to leeward. As boat turns into wind, crewman lets jib sheet go, and mainmast starts to move across the cockpit. Critical moment comes when boat is headed directly into wind (middle illustration). Wind no longer fills sails. However, if maneuver is carried out smoothly, momentum of turn will carry boat over onto opposite tack. In third illustration, boat has moved successfully onto new tack. Crew has fastened jib on lee side in position to form important aerodynamic wind slot (see next page) between jib and mainsail.



UPWIND CRISIS occurs when boat (1) tries to come about but fails to complete maneuver. Boat loses forward speed, stops (2), finally drifts backward out of control. This is called "getting in irons." To get out of irons skipper pushes tiller and boom away from himself and holds them there (3). The stern soon swings to one side, mainsail fills and boat stops moving backward. At that point skipper pulls tiller toward him (4) and boat gains headway on new tack. Maneuver can be hastened when crew holds jib to side opposite the mainsail.



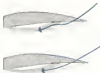
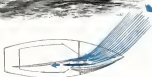
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Power from sails

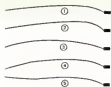
When a boat is tacking upwind, two distinct forces combine to drive it ahead. First, as wind strikes windward side of sail and is deflected along its curve, wind exerts pressure on sail and, because sail is curved, part of this pressure acts in a forward direction to drive the boat ahead. The remaining pressure acts to push the boat sideways, but this tendency is virtually nullified by centerboard, so that sideways pressure is actually converted into heeling. Second, wind which slips along the lee side of sail travels faster than wind on the windward side. Therefore a relative low-pressure area forms on lee side which tends to suck the sail ahead, and with it the boat. This aerodynamic force actually provides more than twice as much forward drive as pressure on windward side. On a boat with a jib, this force is very powerfully augmented by presence of the slot effect (see below). Resultant drive from all these sources makes sailboat able to go faster diagonally into wind than it will go downwind. In addition, proper set and shape of sails (see opposite) is vital in order to get most driving power out of any given amount of wind filling the sails.



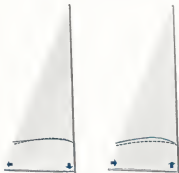
SLOT EFFECT occurs when jib funnels air through slot formed between jib and mainsail (see arrow in drawing above and overhead view of slot at right). Narrowness of slot forces air to increase speed. This causes strong low-pressure area on lee side of mainsail (by operation of Bernoulli's principle, any increase in airflow speed decreases internal pressure of the air at that point). This "vacuum" pulls boat ahead and is by far most important factor in sail power.



ADJUSTING SLOT by varying jib's distance from the mainsail is done by tightening or loosening jib sheet. Bringing the jib too close (above, left) causes wind to deflect into the mainsail. Mainsail then curves away from jib. Slot becomes distorted and loses its effectiveness. Correct jib position (below, left) smoothly funnels wind parallel to lee side of mainsail. Jib should set slightly closer to mainsail in strong wind than in light. In racing, changing length of jib sheet by two inches or so can well make the difference between winning and losing.



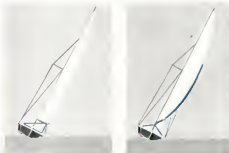
SAIL SHAPES can either help or hinder smooth flow of air along surfaces of sail. Diagram at left shows five common shapes of mainsails. From top, most desirable shape (1) is curve which flattens more and more toward leech. Sail with too much curve forward (2) is too easily backwinded by jib. Uniform curve (3), mistakenly shunned by many, is good in light wind. Sail with tight leech (4) is bad in strong wind, while loose leech (5) is poor shape in any wind.



SHAPING MAINSAIL will help increase power. For strong winds, flatten sail by pulling on downhaul and outhaul (blue line, left above, indicates flattened curve). For light winds, get a fuller curve by slacking off on outhaul and downhaul (blue line, right above, indicates deepened curve).



SHAPING JIB for greatest power, primary consideration is that jibstay remain very taut. Second factor is the proper location of jib-sheet leads on deck. In Lightning, correctly placed jib leads will hold jib so that line of sight (see dotted line, top diagram) up jib sheet (or halfway between double-sheets) will cross jib luff about eight inches above mixer swim. Viewed from above (bottom diagram), sheets extended through leads to bow should form angle of 13° or less with centerline of hull. If the leads are set correctly, entire length of jib luff will flutter at the same time when boat swings into the wind.



SHAPING SAIL with mainsheet, the skipper should try to get a direct down-pull on leech of mainsail to bring it into plane formed by mast and boom. Standard mainsheet rig on Lightnings (left, above) does this better than optional bridle rig used by many Lightnings (right, above). Bridle rig lets leech of mainsail sag off (in blue, right, above), whereas sail trimmed with standard rig can be pushed to leeward by hand where friction in mainsheet blocks will hold boom out so one strand of mainsheet gets direct downpull.



SHAPING WITH BOOM VANG is best way to keep mainsail leech straight during strong, puffy winds when mainsheet has to be slacked quickly from time to time to spill wind. Otherwise, boom vang (in blue) is seldom used in windward sailing, since downward pull of mainsheet will keep leech straight enough. However, on courses across the wind and downwind, boom vang should be in constant use to keep leech straight and boom under control, since, on these points of sailing, the boom hangs farther out and mainsheet cannot pull hard enough to control boom.

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LEE HELM occurs in a boat that heads away from wind when the tiller is held amidships. To stay on course, tiller must be put to leeward.

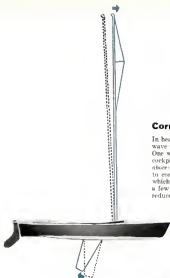
WEATHER HELM occurs in a boat that tends to head into wind when the tiller is held amidships, so tiller has to be held to windward.

PROPER HELM keeps boat on course with rudder amidships. Ideally, there should be slight pressure tending to swing the tiller leeward.

Balance of boat

When all wind and water forces affecting a sailboat are in proper balance and boat is sailed at 45° angle to true wind with tiller held at dead center (right), the hull will travel forward in a straight line. If tiller must be held to windward to keep boat on a straight course at 45° angle to wind (middle illustration) boat has weather helm; if tiller must be held to leeward (top) boat has lee helm. Boat with lee or weather helm is slowed down because of continual drag of rudder, which must be held at angle to keep boat on course. In a race, weather helm should be corrected immediately (see opposite page) or boat will soon be passed by others. Lee helm is serious for even noncompetitive sailors because boat will be reluctant to head up safely in strong puff. Although in properly balanced boat rudder is amidships when boat sails straight course, rudder should transmit slight leeward pull to tiller. This shows rudder is helping centerboard resist leeward drift. When tiller does not have leeward pull and feels dead in skipper's hand, this means boat is not properly balanced, and correction as if for a slight leeward helm should be made.





CORRECTING BY BALANCING, keep boat as level as possible, since level boat makes smaller leeward bow wave. By keeping boat on even keel, you will also bring center of effort (point in sail plan where force of wind is theoretically concentrated) more nearly over center of lateral resistance (point under hull where total force resisting drift is theoretically located). This means less weather helm.



Correcting weather helm

In heavy weather, all conventional sailing craft create a large leeward bow wave which pushes bow to windward and causes a temporary weather helm. One way to correct this temporary weather helm is to move crew back in cockpit (above), bringing forward part of boat out of water (see arrows above) and reducing bow wave. Do not use this technique in milder weather to correct weather helm but apply remedies for permanent weather helm which follow. First remedy for permanent weather helm is to lift centerboard a few inches (bottom of diagram at left). Most effective remedy of all is to reduce rake of mast (left), then retune entire rig. Below are five other fixes.



CORRECTING BY TRIMMING can be accomplished by easing mainsheet or trimming jib sheets—or both. Even though these adjustments may interfere with boat setting of sails at given moment, boat will, nevertheless, perform better, since weather helm causes greater loss of speed than badly trimmed sails. In a heavy wind, easing mainsheet gives far better results than trimming jib.



CORRECTING BY SHAPING mainsail can be done simply by flattening curve of mainsail (top, left). Tight leech may also cause weather helm. Stretching leech by hand may produce flatter curve (bottom, left). However, leech tight enough to cause a permanent weather helm will probably have to be resewn by a sailmaker.

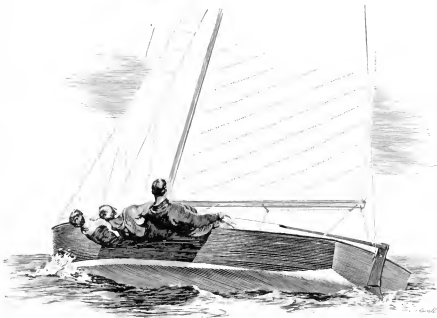
Correcting lee helm

Since lee helm is opposite to weather helm in every respect, corrective measures are opposite. Preferred method is to increase rake in mast and then retune the rig. Other remedies for lee helm are to move crew forward, ease jib sheet, pull in mainsail, make mainsail take fuller curve by slackening outhaul and downhaul, or lower centerboard. For maximum centerboard correction, top edges of centerboard trunk can be notched to let centerboard swing as far forward as class rules will allow. Lee helm in moderate and heavy conditions is particularly dangerous because boat brags off in hard puffs when, for safety's sake, skipper is trying to head boat into wind to spill wind from sails. Problem is particularly acute with centerboard boats, which lack stability afforded by heavy ballast of metal keel.

CONTINUED

Hiking to windward

The most strenuous and exciting moment in class boat sailing comes when a sudden puff strikes, heeling boat so more of bottom than usual comes out of water (below). To counteract sudden heeling crew immediately hikes, hanging almost entirely out of boat, held in only by hiking straps (left). Skipper does his part in hiking, at same time steering with very end of extension tiller to head boat into wind. He uses mainsheet to spill some of wind safely out of mainsail. In hiking, all hands should move quickly, since every second saved in bringing boat back to proper sailing angle means gaining on competitors, as well as safer and more comfortable sailing position. Peaks of action like this make sailing men love the sport.



IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PART II: SAILING TO LEEWARD

In the final article of the series, Bill Cox will explain fundamentals of downwind sailing, starting with the subtle art of setting a spinnaker. He will also reveal for the first time in detail the new technique for jibing a spinnaker while the entire crew remains in the cockpit. And he winds up with some inside tips for tuning your boat so she will be in perfect shape for the first starting gun this spring.



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EARLY LESSON in fine cooking is absorbed by Colin Cahn, 8, and his sister Currie, 4, as they watch their father preparing pike quenelles.

Fisherman's favorite

Frank Cabot enjoys cooking this classic fish specialty almost as much as he enjoys fishing

A FAVORITE leisure-time occupation of Francis Higginson Cabot of New York City and his pretty wife Anne is fishing. In summer they journey with their two small children to the remote waters of the Éternité Fish and Game Club in the Saguenay region of Quebec to cast for the legendary ouananiche salmon. On autumn and spring weekends, which they spend in the country near Cold Spring, N.Y., the frequent quarry of all four Cabots (the children are ardent and skillful anglers) is smallmouth bass and trout. It seems appropriate, then, that the favorite food in the Cabot household should be a fish preparation.

When the youthful Cabots honeymooned in Paris "way back in 1949," as Frank says, they one night discovered the delights of a dish new to them at a little restaurant on the way up to Montmartre. Thereafter they followed *quenelles de brochet*—for that was the dish—all through France. "At L'Oustau de Baumannière in Provence," he recalls, "they served the grandest ver-

sion of all, fancied up with lobster tails and truffles. I decided then to learn to cook. But the quenelles I make now are a rather simple version derived from a recipe written some time ago by Samuel Chamberlain." Although Frank has now become quite an accomplished cook after office hours (he is in the investment business), quenelles is still *the dish* in the Cabot kitchen.

Quenelles are basically small fish mousses, or what the Scandinavians call fish puddings. Perhaps the whole idea got abroad in Europe at the time chopped-up food became fashionable at the court of France because Louis XIV had lost his teeth. Preparation of the dish, which requires forcing raw fish filets through a fine sieve, is a long and grueling task by ordinary methods.

Frank Cabot prepares quenelles at his New York apartment with the help of an electric-powered kitchen mixer with sieve attachment, which he says turns a three-day labor into a two-day pleasure. In winter he uses the traditional pike, which he is able to buy in town, but says that bass, lake trout or pickerel serve equally well. Of course the quenelles prove a special satisfaction to the whole family when made with fish they have caught themselves. Here is Frank's up-to-the-minute method of preparing an ancient and classic dish:

QUENELLES DE BROCHET (serves eight)

The first three stages in making quenelles, and preparation of the fish broth for the sauce, are best accomplished a day ahead.

1 The panade: Place in a roomy, heavy saucepan $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 4 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Heat to the boiling point, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Remove from the stove and sift in, little by little, a scant $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of already-sifted flour, stirring rapidly with a French whisk. Then add, one at a time, 4 whole eggs, beating well after each egg is added. Place pan back over moderate fire, whisking vigorously until mixture thickens into a paste which comes away from sides of the pan. Remove from fire. Spread the paste about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick on a platter. Cool, then chill for one hour.

2 Preparation of the fish: Meanwhile put skinless and boneless filets of a 5-pound pike (or equivalent soft-fleshed, bland fish) through a mechanical chopper or meat grinder, using fine blade. Or else pound filets in a mortar. Weigh the ground fish; use exactly the same weight of prepared panade. (A pike this size should yield a little more than a pound of ground filets.)

3 The mixture: Mix the chopped raw fish and the cold panade together with beater of mechanical mixer. Now, using sieve attachment, run the compound through sieve of mixer. (Of course all this can be done laboriously by hand, but the machine does it in no time.) Remove sieve attachment, and with mechanical beater whip into the mixture, one by one, 4 whole eggs plus 2 egg whites. Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sweet butter, previously creamed by hand. Work the mixture vigorously with the mechanical beater, seasoning with 2 teaspoons salt,

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon white pepper and a little nutmeg, freshly grated if possible. Place in a dish and allow to stand in refrigerator overnight, or for at least 6 hours.

4 The poaching: After the preparation has thus "rested," place it on a lightly floured board or slab of marble. Now take up small pieces, one by one, and roll these with your hand into sausage shapes—as large or as little as desired, but of about equal size (see picture opposite). When all the "dough" is made up into these rolls, poach them in barely simmering salted water in a shallow pan on the top of the stove. They will be done in approximately 20 minutes. When cooked, remove with a slotted spoon; drain carefully on a cloth. Arrange in a large, heated baking dish or deep platter. Cover with sauce you have made, and serve.

5 A sauce for quenelles: Place the head and bones of the pike or other fish used for quenelles in 2 cups water with pinches of salt, pepper and thyme, a slice of onion, a bay leaf and a sprig of parsley. Simmer covered for 35 to 40 minutes. You should have about a cup and a half of strong fish broth after straining. Add to this $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heated, bottled clam broth. Now melt, in a double boiler, 4 tablespoons of butter, and blend in 4 tablespoons of flour. Add dashes of salt and pepper and, stirring vigorously, the 2 cups of hot broth. Cook, stirring with whisk till sauce is thick and smooth. Then add 2 cups heated heavy cream and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Calvados or American apple brandy (applejack).

Do not allow to boil after this point. Simmer for several minutes; then stir in, bit by bit, 2 tablespoons of cold butter that has been previously pounded with 2 small cooked shrimps (or a bit of canned or other cooked lobster) and then chilled again. Now the sauce is ready to serve.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

Bouquets for Babe and his Bailey

All because of ex-salesman Bebe McCarthy and lanky Bailey Howell, Mississippi State may win its first conference title—and also nullify an unwritten law



BABE MCCARTHY UPSET AN AWFUL TRADITION

WE can beat anybody in the country on our home court," said Mississippi State Coach James (Babe) McCarthy last week after his Maroons had impressively defeated the nation's No. 1 team, Kentucky, 66-58. McCarthy was feeling his oats, no doubt, but you can hardly blame him when you consider that this clear-cut victory brought State's string to 31 in a row at home. And he could also be forgiven for noting that State's basketball fortunes have undergone quite a change in the few years he has been there.

For more than two decades after the Southeastern Conference was formed in 1932, the folks who run the athletic program down on the quiet oak-strewn campus at Starkville, Mississippi looked on basketball as pretty much of a nothing sport, a wearisome interlude between football and baseball.

Then into the Mississippi State basketball coaching chair in 1955 came the handsome, outgoing McCarthy, a 31-year-old oil salesman of talent who was a graduate of the school some years back. McCarthy seemed the perfect choice to keep up the awful basketball tradition. He had neither coached nor played college ball in his life, although he had played some fine intramural pivot for Sigma Phi in his undergraduate days. His last coaching job, which he abandoned for a future in oil, was at a junior high school in nearby Tupelo. He was a nice guy, a soft-salesman, moving into a position that offered, if

little else, an enormous opportunity.

But McCarthy was an eager student of basketball, a fundamentalist. He had a way with parents and a sure eye for talent, too, and in Mississippi and southwestern Tennessee, where some of the hamlet high schools play upwards of 50 games a season, there were plenty of prospects. He recruited and, as Faulkner would say, he endured, and this year State has its first all-McCarthy team, the top seven members of which were discovered within 160 miles of the campus.

THE SCHEDULE HELPS

This is a good team; by Starkville standards it's perfect. Some measure of its success, inescapably, is a result of the unwieldiness of the 12-team Southeastern Conference. This year, because of the unavoidable SEC practice of rotating schedules, Mississippi State has a light load and a dearly important home-court advantage. For instance, each of the strong teams of the league's northeast division—Kentucky, Tennessee, Vanderbilt, Georgia Tech—has played Mississippi State only once this year, all at Starkville.

Credit McCarthy, too. He is employing the passé, but unsettling, techniques of ball control and zone defense. "Everybody curses the zone," McCarthy says, "but they're no damn good against it. We won't let them get a close-in shot. As for me, I don't much like the zone myself, but I'll use it, just so long as it wins ball games for us."

But the real hero at State is a bashful, All-America center named Bailey Howell, who is the best thing that has happened to basketball at Starkville since someone hung up the first hoop in 1906.

Howell is a 6-foot 7-inch, fresh-faced boy with blue eyes, a precise brush-cut and a good sweep of teeth. He is in his senior year now and, although he claims his enjoyment of basketball has diminished as the pressure increased through the years, he still appears to enjoy the game fully. While roaming a wide pivot area, rudely bumped and buffeted by one or two opponents, an abstracted smile of concentration arches his eyebrows and he seems to be humming. Back and forth he goes, leaning, spiking with his elbows. Then suddenly the ball will be fed him by one of the white-and-maroon-shirted guards, Jerry Keeton, who is his roommate, or the adroit dribbler, Ted Usher. Howell pirouettes, the ball hung high over his head, now urgently looking for one of these men to pound past him or for one of the forwards, Jerry Graves or Charlie Hull, to break across from their spots in the corners. Or perhaps there will be no cutting at all and Howell will choose to go in for himself. With honky fakes, full and swift, he gains a half step and a shoulder on the defense, bangs through and springs above the tangle of arms for a crisp shot from the very peak of his astonishingly upstretched body. And then,

continued

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if he misses, or if any of his teammates miss, it's the rebound and struggle for position. Tirelessly, Howell is in on nearly every Maroon play. And he has been for three seasons.

In his tiny home town of Middleton, Tennessee, where his father is a rural mail carrier, Howell didn't find much to do aside from fool around with a basketball, and in his senior year of high school he set a state record of 1,187 points in 38 games. This wasn't enough to carry Middleton into a tournament, but it did bring the college scouts down in droves. They found the youngster had the makings of a great player: height, strength, good motions, good habits, big heart, big hands and a normal-sized hatband. They offered gold and clothes and car keys. One even offered a scholarship to his sister who, incidentally, was some basketball player herself.

"I wanted to go to a school where I'd get to play," Howell explained in his easy voice as he stretched out

across his seven-foot bed after the Kentucky game. "I figured I could play at Mississippi State. Maybe somewhere else I'd sit on the bench and lose my scholarship. Here I get the regular, play or not: room, board, tuition, books and \$15 a month for laundry. It's worked out fine. Coach McCarthy is a good guy," he said, then added, grinning, "He doesn't even run a bed check."

Howell has done very well at State, both with baskets and books. At the moment, despite the team's deliberate attack, he is averaging 28.6 points per game, which places him third in the nation. He already has been chosen twice as the Most Valuable Player in the SEC and should earn that honor again this season. As a physical education major, he has thirty As, seven Bs and six Cs on his record thus far.

When State played Kentucky, the largest crowd ever to attend a basketball game in Mississippi (more than 5,400) sat in the sultry heat of the Maroon fieldhouse and hammered ecstatically on cowbells and plow points

as State played perhaps the best game of its history.

Right at the outset, McCarthy threw a change-of-pace at the national champs: the Wildcats, expecting to fight through a zone defense, ran into a gluey man-for-man defense. Furthermore, they found State was not attacking as it normally did.

Howell, to be sure, was roaming the post. But his forwards were drawn out near the centerline and cautiously smiling with the guards. McCarthy wanted an early lead and his strategy was threefold: 1) give Howell acres of room, 2) pull from the baseline Kentucky's fine rebounder, John Cox, and 3) be ready to nuzzle a Wildcat fast-break. It worked. State led 9-4 after eight minutes and then went into its zone and regular attack. Kentucky, its poise crumbled, couldn't get rolling; State, rebounding powerfully, working scrupulously for the erip shots, playing the zone beautifully, never lost the lead. It was swollen to 18 points when Howell fouled out with four minutes left. Howell was perfection that night, picking off 17 rebounds, only five fewer than all the Wildcats, and scoring 27 points.

THAT UNWRITTEN LAW

Five nights later, State took to the road and easily whipped Florida 115-67, Howell scoring 43 points. They are clearly favored to share the SEC title with Auburn and are sure to win more games than any other team in the school's history. Auburn is waiting out an NCAA probation penalty and will not be eligible to participate in the NCAA championship tournament in Louisville, so that Mississippi State is the likely candidate to represent the SEC.

To the despair of McCarthy and his entire team, however, they may be forced to pass up the honor and the opportunity. An unwritten law in segregationist Mississippi prohibits white athletes from competing with Negroes. Until the official NCAA tournament bid is received, no one in authority in Mississippi will speak out on the subject. But a strong statewide rumor has it that, if his team is refused permission to play in the tournament, Babe McCarthy will resign. And on the campus at Starkville students are saying, "If they don't let us play, we'll march on the Capitol."

Says Bailey Howell, perhaps most responsible for the dilemma, "Sure, I'd go. I don't care who I play against."

END



LEAN, GRACEFUL BAILEY HOWELL SHOOTS FOR HIS THIRD STRAIGHT MVP AWARD



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Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER

Ski Coach, University of Denver

QUESTION: Does the use of ski wax really make any difference to anyone who skis relatively slowly and always stays on well-packed trails?

YES. On hard-packed snow the plastic bottoms of the new metal or wooden skis, and most of the downhill waxes put on by the ski shops at the area, are too slippery for the beginner or the low intermediate. At Arapahoe Basin Ski Area I made a test involving two classes of novices. One class used a universal wax, which gives the skis a certain amount of grip in climbing and traversing, yet allows them to slide nicely down the slope. The other used a typical slick downhill wax. At the end of an hour the first class was handling its skis in a natural and confident manner. The second class was having trouble, obviously handicapped by skis that did not stay under them. A wise instructor makes sure his beginners and intermediates have a universal wax; the wise ski pupil will learn to choose his own wax when the instructor is not around. I would recommend the Metro No. 1, Swix Blue and Fall Line No. 1.

If you are an advanced intermediate, the standard plastic base or base lacquer will make your skis perform pretty well in most snow conditions. However, from this time of year on, depending on the area, you will often find your skis getting sticky. You should get some wax on them right away, for a slow ski is dangerous. It puts too much strain on your ankles and knees and sets you up for an accident. Metro No. 3, Swix Silver, and Fall Line No. 2 are good downhill waxes.

There is one type of snow for which everyone, expert as well as beginner, should wax carefully. This is the heavy, clinging cover we often get in March as the snow begins to melt. The area ski shop probably has the best mixture heating in its wax pot. However, the snow may turn heavy while you are way up on the mountain, and you should carry a good

wet-snow wax in your parks. I carry Metro No. 6 or Fall Line Red.

There are several ways of applying wax. The best method for hard and icy conditions is to press on several thin layers with a hot iron. Hold the block of wax against the hot iron and spread a trickle of wax down the length of the ski. Then iron the wax evenly over the entire running surface, working from tip to tail of your ski. Another method for hard snow is to rub the wax directly on your ski and then smooth it over with a cork. This is more strenuous and the coating doesn't last as long. However, you can do the job right on the hill.

For soft snow, particularly in warm or wet weather, the best way is to melt the wax in a pot and then spread it on with a paint brush. Start at the tail this time and work toward the tip. Make the application in short steps about four or five inches long, and be sure to use plenty of wax. Each step should overlap the previous step so you get a surface with a series of very shallow terraces that will break up the suction which tends to form under your skis when they are running on soft snow.

Some final tips on waxing: 1) Always carry a piece of paraffin. It comes in handy for a hill where snow conditions are variable—fast in the shade and slow in the sun. Also, a layer of paraffin will keep the tops of your skis clear if sticky snow starts to pile up on them. 2) Very often the snow on the flat stretches at the bottom of the hill will be different from that at the top. Wax for conditions on the flat spots, for it is here you get the sudden changes that send you tumbling. 3) Wax the sides of your skis as well as the bottoms. 4) If you wax indoors, stand your skis outside to cool for a few minutes before you use them or they will stick when you set them on the snow.

END



FRANK STRANAHAN, Crystal River, Fla.

Tip from the Top

The end of the backswing

ON ALL SHOTS from the chips through the irons to the woods, always try to have a little wrist action at the end of the backswing. Let me make clear that the wrist action I speak of has nothing to do with the downswing; it's entirely concerned with the finish of the backswing. This small suffix of wrist action introduces a little lightness to your swing at a very important point. Its value cannot be overemphasized because the end result is that it gives you that minute thing called timing.

Let me explain this a bit further. If the golf club is swung so that it has the free release of centrifugal force, the ball can be hit truer and with greater clubhead speed than if the golfer tries to hold the club on line, to steer the ball, as he hits through it. If a golfer's grip comes up dead at the top of the backswing, however, he can't make a correct dynamic swing; he has to leap and jump to hit. This is the reason why that touch of wrist action at the top of the backswing is so valuable. It reaffirms the life of your swing and your timing. While you're taking this wrist action, your body goes forward and out of the way (as you can observe in the swings of most of the top professionals) and the golfer is able to perform the most nearly perfect arc on the downswing. In short, this little bit of wrist action is the key to developing a great deal of clubhead speed without effort.



NEXT WEEK: Wally Grant on the gradual weight shift



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TWO KINDS

Racing cars, 10-goal polo, Sysonby, greatest of horses—all these filled the life of Foxhall Keene in his heyday

by FINIS FARR

ONE summer afternoon shortly after the turn of the century the residents of Newport, social center of America in that gilded age, were treated to a most extraordinary sight. Perched in the driver's seat of a 70-hp Moors *three rights*, his Panama set firmly on his head, was Foxhall Keene, the most noted amateur jockey, huntsman, steeplechaser and all-

round sportsman of his time. Like the redoubtable Mr. Toad of Toad Hall in Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*, Foxhall Keene had found a new and fascinating sport, and it was not long before his exploits in the field of motor racing added new color and excitement to a legendary career.

That career had already made him one of the most frequently and most



OF LUCK

spectacularly injured sportsmen of all time. In 1936, when 66 years old, he totaled his hurts at one broken leg; one compound fracture of the ankle; nose broken twice; one ruptured kidney; one nearly fatal internal hemorrhage; brain concussion three times, lying senseless for periods of 17 minutes, 30 minutes, and 16 days; one broken neck, collarbone broken three

times; one dislocated shoulder; three broken ribs; and six stitches in his eyelid after being hit by a polo ball.

The list also shows that the ancient and traditional sports of fox hunting, steeplechasing and polo influcted a good part of the damage to Kiene's wiry frame (140 pounds at racing weight). But he moved with

continued



his times, and he listened with approval to the new noise of the automobile. His first motor vehicle was a three-wheeler which he bought in Paris in 1895. Before venturing on a trial run to Versailles, Keene learned to drive by practicing in a large garret. Eventually he got the machine up to 30 miles an hour on the flat, and his first motor accident, a minor one, was recorded that year.

By 1901 Keene was driving a \$14,000 Mors in the race from Paris to Berlin. He planned to make up for lack of road technique by pouring on the power, and by this method achieved second place as the racers stormed through Bastien. He hoped to catch Henri Fournier, also in a Mors, who was leading the pack with some two dozen others strung out behind. Bouncing across a culvert Keene went off the road and turned over. He and his mechanic were thrown clear and landed in a potato patch. It took them two hours and five minutes to get the car going again, and as they went roaring through Aix-la-Chapelle, Keene was in 16th place. Between Hanover and Frankfurt, however, the car broke down completely, and the race was over as far as Keene was concerned.

NEVERTHELESS, this taste of road racing made Keene begin to give it close attention and hours of practice, as was his custom with any sport. He therefore bought a Mercedes and practiced so assiduously that the manufacturers invited him to join their team in the race for the Gordon Bennett Cup in Ireland in 1903. Staying in England at the time, Keene kept the powerful, blunt-nosed car at Dieppe and frequently crossed the Channel for a day or two of training over the moderately policed French roads. It was the sort of motoring which used to be described in the romances of Mr. Dornford Yates: an episode of the exact period flavor occurred when Miss Hildegarde Oelrichs, a New York society friend who was vacationing at Dieppe, asked Keene if he would run her up to Paris. He was delighted to do this, and they set out early. Keene copped and goggled, his passenger costumed for motoring in the fashion of the time. On a straight stretch over rolling country, Keene opened the throttle and the car surged forward.

"Oh, this is lovely!" the lady cried,

"but what happens if there is something coming up one of those hills as we reach the crest?"

Miss Oelrichs found out as they topped the next rise. Coming out of the hollow was a heavy two-wheeled cart pulled by a pair of horses. The Frenchman in charge of this vehicle jumped off and seized the horses' heads, pulling them to one side and so causing the cart's long tail to swing progressively farther out over the road. Years later, although his memory was not accurate as to the speed,



FAMILIAR PICTURE at the race tracks was Foxhall Keene with his arm in a sling.

Keene still had the scene clearly in mind: "It was impossible for us to stop, so I instantly decided to make a run for it. I opened the throttle wide, and at a terrific pace we thundered down on the cart that was slowly blotting out the road. On our right the grass grew firmly, flush with the roadside, and I borrowed as much of that as I could. We just squeaked by, doing, I should think, 120 miles per hour. At the top of the next hill I stopped and examined the car. There, on the left rear hub, was a dent like the blow of a sledge hammer. It was as near a thing as I ever hope to see."

It is difficult now to imagine the wide-ranging freedom of motoring before the days of heavy traffic and organized police control. Under those free conditions Keene once shot across Europe in time which would

be hard to duplicate today. Entered in the Paris-Madrid race, he found that through an oversight his car was in Stuttgart when it should have been in the hands of Mercedes representatives in Paris for the weighing-in. Accompanied by his German mechanic, a man named Lutkin, Keene stepped off the night train in Stuttgart at 6 the following morning. They picked up their car and started back to Paris, 500 miles away over roads still largely unpaved. With Keene at the wheel for the entire journey, they drove into the Tuileries Gardens at 7 that evening, half an hour before the weigh-in deadline.

Foxhall had been abroad when American road racing had its thunderous start in 1904 with the race to which William K. Vanderbilt gave his name and the winner's award. But he had high hopes that he could win the second running for the Vanderbilt Cup, in 1905. Germany entered four cars, and four teams of five cars each represented France, Italy and the U.S., a bugle call heralding their approach to the straightaway in front of the grandstand. Alden Hatch wrote later how Keene's Mercedes came from beyond the curve of the narrow road with a tremendous roar, tearing the early-morning mists apart as orange flame shot from its flanks and smoke swirled in its wake. He saw "in the midst of that streak of fire and smoke a slim calm figure . . . plainly master of the occasion." And he could not resist yelling at the top of his voice, "Yen-ay Foxie?"—as did thousands of others who hoped an American driver, even if in a German car, would win the day.

But here again Foxhall Keene was up among the leaders only to lose his position almost at the price of his neck. The Albertson S turn was to end the hopes of another driver, Louis Chevrolet, and at this hazard Keene also came to grief. He went into it in good style, though perhaps a trifle too fast to be absolutely sure of coming out right side up at the other end. In the middle of the turn, his heavy car lurched from the course and slammed into a telegraph pole. Keene and his racing companion were dazed but not seriously hurt. As a further piece of luck, there was a course observer's station nearby with a field telephone through which Foxhall was able to get a message to his worried mother that he had not been killed.

continued

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A SIGHT TO REMEMBER: FOXIE KEENE AT FULL GALLOP DOWN THE FIELD IN THE GREAT DAYS OF AMERICAN POLO

FOXHALL KEENE *continued*

Keene went out again for the Vanderbilt Cup three years later. This time his ear caught fire and he slinged his mustache and eyebrows while coolly fighting the flames. Such exploits led a contemporary journalist to conclude: "Mr. Keene has two kinds of luck—the bad luck that brings on the accidents and the good luck that somehow in the face of sinister possibilities manages to bring him off pretty well."

For all of his dash, Keene never did develop the skill—or luck—which might have won him top rank in motor racing. Thus, although he recommended the sport as "healthy and invigorating," his main attention was still devoted to horses, his first and lasting love. He had, of course, the perfect establishment in the now famous Keene stables at Castleton Farm in Kentucky, and it was there, in 1902, that he showed himself to be as horse-wise as his father or his uncle, Major Foxhall Alexander Danglegerfield, the noted breeder, trainer and judge of mint juleps who presided over the Keene racing empire. They had bought a mare named Opaline, in foal to the English stallion Melton, and Foxhall named her bay colt after Sysonby, Lodge, one of the series of houses he rented in the Leicestershire hunting country. His eye was first drawn by Sysonby's well-proportioned frame, and he was further interested in the fine gray hairs which could be seen on the dark coat. These markings, known as "Birdcatcher hairs," were believed to appear only on descendants of the

great sire Irish Birdcatcher. James Keene and Major Danglegerfield wanted to put Sysonby up for sale, Irish Birdcatcher halves and all, but Foxhall said, "You can't do this, Father. He is so beautiful." He was right, and not on esthetic grounds alone, for Sysonby proved to be one of the swiftest and most valuable race horses in history. He started his racing career with a win and was never defeated except in the Futurity of 1904. On this occasion, a groom who flushed a big hankroll confessed under questioning that he had been bribed to administer a sedative.

SYSONBY'S finest hour came at Saratoga in the Great Republic Stakes, for a purse of \$11,465, which must surely be the equivalent of three times that amount today. Sporting men were agog when word spread that Richard A. Canfield, proprietor of a dignified gambling house, had given Sysonby the go-by to bet \$300,000 on Diamond Jim Brady's Oiseau. The well-wed sharpers in the vast lobbies and endless corridors of the Saratoga hotels asked each other what this might mean, for Canfield, though he gave himself the airs of a bishop, was a professional gambler, and like all his breed loved a sure thing and hated to lose as the devil hates holy water.

National interest was focused on the track when Sysonby went to the post before a record crowd, at a price of 9 to 20, with Dave Neel up. Canfield himself was there, and James Buchanan Brady bowed to the crowd from an owner's box, his huge belly straining at the diamond buttons on

his fancy vest. An outstanding glut-ton even in that age of great eat-ers, Diamond Jim had at his side a hunter of cold chicken and lobster mayonnaise to see him through until the serious eating could begin. Near the infield rail stood Foxhall Keene; he had come a cruiser a few days before and was leaning on crutches with his leg in a cast.

The wise guys exchanged nudges at the start when "Syse" lunged aside-ward and let the field get 100 yards ahead before he squared away. Sighted right at last, he turned on such a burst that he clocked the first three furlongs of the mile-and-a-quarter race in 32½ seconds, a time which stood for years. Despite the fact that he was going around a turn, Sysonby passed Oiseau and the half-mile pole at the same time, going on to win by several lengths. There was general delirium; the race had been over for 15 minutes before Foxhall Keene realized that he had thrown his crutches away.

Sysonby never again generated quite such excitement, but he continued to run in front of other horses in a way which sometimes deprived him of opposition. That same year, for example, in the Century Stakes at Sheephead Bay, Sysonby's backers couldn't get bets at 1 to 20, and he came home in a canter. And so it went until one day in the spring of 1906, when Foxhall Keene, visiting in Colorado Springs, got word from his friend DeCourcy Forbes that Sysonby was suffering from an infection, apparently caused by a scratch on a fetlock which Trainer Jimmy Rowe had discounted as of no importance

when it was first observed. Foxhall returned to New York and found his father waiting in the station. They went at once to Sheephead Bay, where the Keene horses were stabled. Here they were met by Rowe and a group of veterinarians. Without a word the entire party walked down the long shed to Sysonby's stall. "There he is," said Mr. Keene. "What do you think?" After one look Foxhall answered, "He's going to die."

"There's only one thing left," Foxhall went on. "We'll get the best doctor in New York."

"You can't ask a regular doctor to come into a case like this," Mr. Keene protested, but Foxhall went to the telephone and called his personal physician, Dr. Charles Barrows.

"This is a strange thing that I am going to ask, Doctor," Foxhall began.

"I know," said the doctor quickly. "It's Sysonby. He's in the afternoon paper."

"Will you come?"

"I'd rather cure that horse than half my patients," said Dr. Barrows. "I'll come at once and leave my first assistant at the stables."

But even the absence of Dr. Barrows, and his first assistant, was of no avail. In a few days 4,000 people, including old James Keene, openly wept at the graveside of "the greatest race horse of all time."

Although 1907 was the greatest year of all for the Keene stables—the \$397,342 earned is a tremendous take even when compared to today's inflated purses—shadows were beginning to fall here and there over Foxhall's notable career. He had married a lady 10 years his senior; he now ended their relationship by sending her a legally phrased letter of separation. There were no children, and a divorce was granted after a while; but divorce in those days was not as easily accepted in the standards of social behavior as today, and the affair raised criticism in some quarters. There was also an unpleasant aftermath to his wholly admirable year as master of the Meadow Brook Hunt, to which he had been elected in 1903: this organization had suffered the embarrassment of having hounds fail to distinguish between a fox and a Pekingese dog, killing the latter in a suburban backyard, a shortcoming which Keene rectified by importing, at his own expense, a pack of the best hounds that Melton Mowbray could produce. He had also imported a professional English huntsman, James

Cotsworth; now this man had the audacity to complain that he had lent Keene money, had met bills at his instruction and had not been paid. In settling this matter, Keene remarked that all he wanted from Cotsworth was strict attention to business; he said he respected the fellow as "a hard little man over country."

FOXHALL KEENE was also making a consistent contribution to the liveliness of the sporting scene in polo, then as now a highly spectacular game, appealing to players' and onlookers' eyes and ears with something of the fire and movement of a cavalry charge. He maintained a handrap of 10 goals, the sport's highest rating, and was the crowd-thrilling mainstay of the team from the Rockaway Hunting Club.

Harry Payne Whitney, whose father, William Collins Whitney, had replaced Jay Gould as the older Keene's archrival on Wall Street, was also a notable poloist; but there was no question that Keene was the more dramatic player. They had the same position, No. 3, but Whitney could not equal Keene's magnificent dash. No one could; nor was Keene's game entirely made up of reckless improvisation. He put in long hours of practice and spent a great deal of money

to see that ponies and equipment were exactly right. Each pony had a saddle specially made so that Keene was always precisely the same distance from the ground. Every spring he would visit Hollerow's in Pall Mall and pick out 50 or 60 canes to be made into mallets, all with seven-ounce heads, for he considered anything heavier unsporting. A golf club maker shaped each handle to his grip.

In 1902 a match was at last arranged in which American challengers would attempt to regain the Westchester Cup, lost to England in 1886 in the first international polo series. Keene, at 32, prepared to lead the American players, who gathered in England to train. Louis Agassiz was to be at No. 1, with John Cowdin at No. 2 and Larry Waterbury back. Besides practicing polo, Keene was hunting regularly around Melton Mowbray, and here the sinister side of his luck came up when he took an ugly fall that nearly jarred the life out of him, fracturing a vertebra in his neck. Nevertheless, he continued to attend practice at the polo field, driving over each morning in his big touring car. One day the gears locked in reverse, and since he couldn't turn his head because of the broken neck, Larry Waterbury perched on the dash-

continued



RIVAL STARS of polo's great era, Foxhall Keene (right) and Harry Payne Whitney, sit down for an informal chat off the field. Whitney captained the famous Big Four team.

board to steer while Foxhall worked the pedals and the car went down the road backward. In spite of this indomitable spirit Keene was not able to play. The British won the match two games to one, and the cup stayed where it was.

For the next seven years there was no international play; but Keene continued to enter all sorts of polo matches—besides hunting and racing—on both sides of the Atlantic. Undoubtedly, he felt that when another American team was got up he would be its captain. But the U.S. Polo Association had other ideas. In 1909, when the next international match was arranged, the team which was to be known as the Big Four took the field, with Harry Payne Whitney at its head. Larry Waterbury was No. 1, his brother Monty No. 2, with Devereux Milburn, the game's most powerful player, at back.

The week before the cup match, Foxhall Keene played for Ramdigh against the Big Four in the English open tournament. As they rode out, Keene said to his No. 1, "If you can keep Milburn from coming into the game forehanded, I will take care of his backhands." Afterward, Keene remembered riding out on a fresh Argentine pony at half time with the teams all even. The next thing he knew, he found himself on the sidelines talking with two on-lookers, Mrs. Guy Fenwick and Lady Violet Brassey, and he heard his manservant Lavender say, "Mr. Keene, the game is over." What had happened was that Keene had taken a spill, and Captain Jenner of the British side, Waterbury, Milburn and his own pony had piled on top. Play was held up while Keene lay unconscious for 30 minutes, after which he got on his feet and finished the game in a mental blank. This strange exploit put Foxhall Keene in conspicuous headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. To nobody's real surprise, it was Harry Payne Whitney who a few days later led the Americans to victory over the British international side and so at long last returned the now almost legendary Westchester Cup to North America.

Whitney was hailed as a great playing captain; but Foxhall Keene thought him a poor tactician and a "stentorian martinet" on the field. Keene was convinced he could have done as well, or better, with "Dev-

Milburn power" behind him. However that might have been, there is no question that during this period Keene fought Whitney & Co. to a standstill one blistering afternoon at the Rockaway Club. On this occasion the home team met Meadow Brook, which was represented by three-quarters of the Big Four, Nat Reynal playing in place of Larry Waterbury, with no handicaps. When play began at 6:30 p.m. the thermometer on the clubhouse porch showed 101°. Foxhall Keene time after time hacked the ball from the goal mouth, taking it to enemy ground like a scoring defenseman in hockey rushing the puck. In the seventh period the teams were still tied, with darkness rapidly closing down, and Alden Hatch, who was watching, knew what the cry would be at the clang of the final bell, which signaled that Rockaway had won at least a moral victory. The dark field echoed, "Yee-a-ay, Foxie!"

In spite of such sincere admiration which he reaped on the fields of sport, Keene was not always fortunate in what would now be called public relations. The management of the Waldorf, for example, came into court in 1912 brandishing a bill to the amount of \$7,936 on which they claimed Keene had paid only a little over \$1,000, though the account had run for years. Obviously Foxhall Keene

did not care what ordinary people might think of such lordly disregard for financial detail. His father was the only person to whom he was responsible, and if Mr. Keene ever expressed anything other than approval for his son's behavior, it was not in such terms as to cause any change. In fact, James Keene never denied his son anything; and to all outward appearances he took great satisfaction in the thought that he had reared a hard-riding dandy fit to risk his neck with the best of them anywhere in the world. It is the more surprising, therefore, that as the end of his life drew near, the father prepared for the son a shocking rebuke which was abruptly revealed after he was dead.

THE ailing old James Keene died on January 3, 1913. A few days later his will was opened. "I have intentionally omitted making any special provision for my son, Foxhall, and my daughter, Jessie," the dead voice spoke through the document, "relying upon my wife to hereafter make such provision for them as shall be proper." This will canceled an earlier one which had set up trust funds for Foxhall and his sister.

If the will was a blow to Foxhall, he never showed it; in fact, he continued in exactly the same style of life as before. And in the summer after his father's death he had one more opportunity—his last one—to head the American polo team in international competition when a challenge came again from England.

As usual, Harry Whitney and the Big Four prepared to carry the American colors. But the Big Four seemed to have lost their collective edge. Nothing went right in practice and their play grew more and more ragged. At last the committee lost faith in them and turned to Foxhall Keene. They laid the matter entirely in his hands, asking him to select, train and lead the American team. At once he asked Devereux Milburn and two other good players—Louis Stoddard and Malcolm Stevenson—to join him.

Keene hurried his men into practice, for the vacillation of the Whitney forces had left but little time. A firebrand on horseback, he drove the team relentlessly—perhaps too much so. Dashing recklessly into a practice melee one day, Keene was thrown, and lay motionless on the ground. Men rushed from the sidelines; doctors were summoned; Keene was revived with whisky, and it was found



MEADOW BROOK'S MASTER SURVEYS THE PAKE HE IMPORTED FROM MELTON MOSLEY.

that the often-damaged collarbone had sustained another break. While he lay incapacitated, the committee did the only thing they could do: they asked Whitney & Co. to come back. Foxhall Keene expressed formal gratification when the Big Four, stendied by the pressure of match play, beat back the challenge and kept the cup; but he knew in his heart that as far as international polo was concerned, he had lost a chance which would never come again.

That was not the only misfortune to overtake Keene in this year which brought the really good days to their close. There was, for instance, a person with a wine bill, whose claim got into the papers. The bill allegedly was incurred abroad and came to the hands of the American collector on a speculative or contingency basis. A week after this publicity Keene had trouble in front of the Astor Hotel with a traffic policeman who objected to the outdated license plates on his automobile. When the officer asked for his name, Keene refused to give it. While a crowd of Broadway loafers chanted "Foxhall Keene! Foxhall Keene!" he accompanied the policeman to the night court. The magistrate listened with sympathy to the policeman's story of how he had been "abused and threatened" and reprimanded the prisoner as a man of high standing who was considerably out of line. Dismissed, Keene merely shrugged his shoulders and sauntered from the room.

Five weeks later, word came from Colorado that Foxhall Keene had been hurt, but was able to remount and continue play, after a spill in a polo game against an outfit called the Denver Prairie Dogs. After that he was not publicly heard from until the following year, when another crisis rose in the world of international polo as the British defeated an American side in two games. Keene ran into Damon Runyon, star reporter of the Hearst newspapers, and made bitter criticism of the American team, which Runyon played up in the New York *American*. Soon the other papers were full of it, announcing that "wherever sporting men gathered," Keene's acidulous remarks came up for review. "The contest has become not an international affair," he had grouched to Runyon, "but is run and regulated by a little clique of men who now have about enough rope on their necks to hang themselves." He said the Americans were in poor phys-



THE MONKTON CUP, a gigantic silver bowl, was donated by Foxhall Keene in his later years as trophy for a race which he sponsored in 1920 at his Maryland home.

ical condition, "mere shells of men," excepting Devereux Milburn, "a marvelous player who has pulled them through innumerable times." After a few days Keene decided he had gone too far and had Runyon and other newspapermen publish a handsome retraction of what he called his "ill-timed and undeserved" remarks.

Perhaps some of this bitter jealousy was blown away shortly afterward when Keene turned out for the Maryland Hunt Cup. Here there were no cliques or committees, only those tremendous fences, at which there was no use looking, "for you would only scare yourself to death." Keene was riding Toreador, who was a good game chaser, but had a terrible time breathing. Thinking about this after the race, Keene consulted the veterinarians. Could not this animal who fended so beautifully have his wind improved by installing a tube in his throat? This was done, and when Keene next rode Toreador, in the Rockaway Cup, the horse breathed

perfectly through a tube in his neck, responding to the call in the stretch to sweep through the leaders and come home in front. Foxhall Keene's name was already on the Rockaway Cup—he had won it for the first time 25 years before.

Through the years that followed, the seemingly indestructible Foxhall Keene continued to turn his attention to hunting and polo, now on Long Island, now in Leicestershire, now in Maryland, now in California. In 1915, by his own account, Keene was still "in top shape for polo," but two years later, at 47, he announced that he was retiring from the game. The newspaper experts agreed that he had been "one of the most remarkable sportsmen who ever bestrode a horse in competition," and that at the top of his form no one could outplay him. Their articles had somewhat the tone of obituaries, which is perhaps unavoidable when a star leaves an active sport because of age. A similar note was sounded when Keene made

continued

his last visit to the Quorn Hunt which he had ridden for so long and so well. Algy Burnaby was a joint master, and he rose before a gathering of Meltonians to say, "Mr. Keene has been away from here for 10 years. I want you to know that no man ever went better over Leicestershire than he did."

Off the sporting stage, Keene pursued his own ideal of poised conduct with all his resources and, thanks to an inheritance from his mother, these were still considerable. But ceaseless luxury-class travel, with the renting of country houses when not on the move and magnificently entered parties for 500 guests, was an enormously costly manner of life; and Keene's admiration for ladies of the musical stage also came high. So it was not surprising that evidence appeared from time to time that all was not well with him financially: tradesmen would bring their bills to court and this would be reported in the newspapers. One of the more interesting, if less vital, of these claims was that of a garage man, who said

he had not received payment for the care of Mr. Keene's Rolls-Royce, even though his services had included keeping the tonneau stocked with distilled drinking water.

By 1928 Keene had come to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to give up the sport he loved most of all, and so he let it be known that he would ride to hounds no more. This termination of his great career over the fences was given sad finality when he put his famous snare Kitten up for sale. Kitten was the daughter of Tracery out of Puss in Boots, she the daughter of Peter Pan and Star Cat. They were all gone now—Peter Pan, Celt, Colin, Court Dress and Novelty, along with Com-mando, Wild Mint (named by Major Daingerfield), Restigouche, Helmet and Maskette. Gone too was the top horse in the first of all Keene entries on that day so long ago at Jerome Park. His name was Spendthrift.

Seven years later, an old man with no place to go, Foxhall Keene arrived at the 340-acre estate of his sister, the widowed Mrs. Edward I. Frost, near the village of Ayer's Cliff in the Canadian countryside 10 miles north

of the Vermont frontier. Walking stiffly, as though on battered legs, he handed the estate manager, who came to meet him, a single suitcase. Keene was installed in the main house but was soon moved to a bare, small cottage on the property. In his few remaining years he became a familiar and yet legendary sight to its inhabitants. They would often see him strolling in the bypaths, limping, immaculately dressed, a lonely figure cutting at the milkweed with his cane. When indoors, he passed his time looking at the photographs illustrating various periods of his life, which were the only decorations of his cottage. Few of the villagers ever got to know him, yet Foxhall Keene found one friend in these last days. It happened that Mrs. Frost spent the winters in Charleston, S.C. and during these months arranged for Keene to live in lodgings in the village, at the home of Mrs. Willie Hurd, and he often talked to her at length about old times. Most of all Keene loved to recall in detail the finest day's sport in his life, a run on the best of his hunters, Becky Sharpe, who was Virginia-bred.

"It was in early spring," he remembered. "I'd gone down to Rugby for the polo, and then got word that hounds would be out for one last day at Melton. So I went back for it, don't you know? They found almost at once, and the fox didn't seek cover but trusted to his strength and endurance. Away he went for an hour, straight as an arrow and, upon my word, going 25 miles. Then, nine miles from home, he turned upward and, I swear, increased his speed. Becky Sharpe took every fence first that day. . . . There were just a few of us left at the finish, and our horses were staggering. . . . I tell you, that was a day. . . ."

At the last Keene grew infirm very rapidly. His sister provided a maid who acted as nurse, and this attendant was the only person present when he died, an old and tired man who had lived much too long, on September 25, 1941. In his biography, published after he retired to Canada, Foxhall Keene had said that even though his strength and skill were gone, together with the fortune which had supported his royal manner of living, he would not change a moment of "a life of pure delight." All he wanted as an epitaph was the testimonial, "He was a good man over Leicestershire."

END



LAST PHOTOGRAPH taken of Foxhall Keene shows him in front of the little white cottage on his sister's estate at Ayer's Cliff where he died.

A Case for Strolling

**A doctor's orders leads to
a thoughtful panegyric of the
healthful pleasure of walking**

NOT LONG ago my grandson and I shared a stimulating experience: we both learned to walk. For young Tad those first few tottering steps were a cause of wonder and excitement; a big sensational world in reach to be probed, savored and thoroughly tested for shape, size, texture, color—every possible dimension. Together we explored city and country, and Tad's increasing stature has been matched by my returning vigor. But more than that, for me the walks meant a rediscovery that legs can do more than move a body within a circumscribed orbit whose outer perimeters are the dining room table, the front seat of the family car and the

sliding door to the office elevator.

"The cardiograph is encouraging," my physician smiled at me. "Learn to live with your heart condition and you should enjoy a long and normal life. But I want you to develop the habit of resting after lunch and walking in the fresh air every day."

"Me walk?" I doubt that he even heard me.

"A quiet stroll around the block to begin with; then increase it a bit. I'd like to see you walking three or four miles a day before long."

It wasn't easy the first day to put shoulders back and resolutely stride past the door of my garage, but a commotion in a stand of trees caught my attention and held it.

Small, frenzied red-topped birds were flinging themselves in all directions. The cause of their alarm was a terrifying feather bomb equipped

continued

WITH GRANDSON TAD, AUTHOR WITHERSPOON STROLLS ALONG RIVER'S BANK



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CASE FOR STROLLING continued

with hook, claws and unswerving purpose. The olive-colored missile selected his quarry precisely. Deftly he skinned the base of a snowdrift and flew up and away with his wriggling victim—not one of the red-topped birds but a hapless field mouse.

This sharp drama within a stone's throw of my front lawn! Have the birds always been neighbors of mine? Have I been shut away from them by that wheeled and motored cage of metal and glass that now stands in my garage? Perhaps, after all, these daily walks will be fun.

Now that I have been walking for several months the word fun seems inadequate. I am rediscovering the joy experienced many years ago when my father took me on long hikes by the seashore and up the mountains that fringed the lovely city of my childhood. I can recall one evening when my father and I sat on a log near the top of our favorite mountain watching the street lights turn on in the city below. "Son," he said, "to have been born into this great part of the country, you had to be just plain lucky! Do you know that for every 5 million little boys arriving in the world, only one is born here?" Father loved every facet of his mountain-girl seaport and as we walked together taught me to take delight in all we encountered.

TREASURE HARBOR

Before my sixth birthday I knew every wharf in our harbor and had a lively knowledge of the ships that made our city a port of call. Great white liners embarking for China and Japan, fussy, shrill-voiced ferry boats shuttling across the bay, busy red-funnelled coastal steamers arriving with men from the lumber camps, odorous packers bumping and grinding into the fish docks, trim yachts, the property of wealthy timber operators, approaching their moorings with grace and precision. I knew the seaport smells of fish, kelp, salt spray, and occasionally the aroma of hot coffee rising from a ship's galley.

Then on holidays when the weather was warm and clear we would pack a lunch and set off to climb one of the mile-high mountains across the bay, a wonderful excursion that involved a walk to the ferry through Chinatown, which, with its Oriental color and noise, was always a marvelous



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source of wonder to a small boy.

Once on the other side of the bay, there was a sprint to a waiting trolley and another adventure in locomotion as the streetcar groaned and creaked for a mile up the mountain to the end of the track where the houses suddenly stopped and the forest began.

TREASURE MOUNTAIN

What treasures that unspoiled mountain contained: wild blackberries, Oregon grapes, salmonberries, cathedral groves of great firs and cedars, graceful vine maples and hazels. A pair of crows, hidden in the upper branches of a Douglas fir, clearing their throats; the busy scampering of chipmunks, a flickering glimpse of mule deer and, in the distance, the steady clamor of a mountain creek tumbling to tidewater. But the great reward came as we arrived above the timber line and reached the very tip of our mountain. Below us lay a sparkling real-life map; the harbor opening out to the vast Gulf with its clusters of islands; a huge brown river in the distance straining its way into seawater for many miles; the great busy city gridding all the land between the river and the bay.

And so it was that I developed sturdy walking legs and an inquiring mind. Then Father died suddenly, leaving Mother ill prepared to support a young family. We moved from my ferryboats and mountain trails to a small farm far up the valley of the big brown river.

It was almost two miles from our cottage to the village school and there was a choice of three routes. These walks were balm to a young boy's troubled mind. I was missing my father very much and was acutely aware of my mother's unequal struggle to support me and my little twin sisters. Living in the country, I found myself more aware of seasons. I can still taste the first Northern Spy apple picked fresh off the tree one autumn morning. I can still feel the excitement of following opossum tracks in the snow until they led me to the slick ice on the slough that meandered through Uncle Len's back 40. And the log raft built for fishing in the summer on that same slough. Or in the spring, the ominous threat of the river when it burst its banks and tore great slices from the hay fields of undiked farms. Our cottage was safe enough on a slight rise, but we could feel the river's menace as

continued

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CASE FOR STROLLING *continued*

it growled its muscular way down to the sea.

And so a few more precious pedestrian years sped by. Money was still lacking, college out of the question, a pay check the order of the day.

It was good to bring home that first check, and the second, and the third. But these were the '20s and changes were taking place. Teen-agers were losing their love of the land. The barefoot boy whose feet had known the textures of grass and gravel, the sensuousness of dust and warm mud squeezing between his toes was now excited by the feel of clutch, brake and gas pedal. The mechanism of a carburetor was more absorbing than the activities of a beaver colony, a stretch of road more challenging than a mountain trail. The motor car, which had been the luxury of the few, became the necessity of all. Each boy aimed to be the first in his group to own a car. My pay, that part that could be spared, was saved until the day. My first automobile! No car since has seemed so beautiful: a Model T roadster.

And so life sped on its wheeled way, a paragraph punctuated by new models from that first well-ventilated roadster to the latest long, low air-conditioned jewel box. And what became of walking? Yes, one occasionally ran out of gas and walked to the nearest service station. "Walking, did you say? Oh yes, doctor, I was a great walker 40 years ago."

For the first few days I found myself reliving many of my earliest experiences and was quite content to leave it so. Soon, however, my walks were increasing in range and expanding in significance and meaning. There was something more than the pure delight of a small boy. Perhaps a spark of insight into my amazing fellow man. On my daily walks along the crescent, I enjoy setting the calendar further back each day and visualizing the same ground as it must have been for each preceding generation. The released energies of the postwar years are easy to see; a little more difficult the lassitude of the hungry '30s, but it can be found in the few, plain unimaginative houses of that time. A side street leads into a group of aging red brick houses, dark behind Virginia creeper and almost hidden under Lombardy poplars—fine houses of the 1890s. Farther back, a mansion stands solidly aloof,

made of native stone for the great man who supplied horses and beef to the builders of the first railroad. Then a few more years back to the log trading post down the hill, where our two rivers joined and where North West Mounted Police found rest from their long patrols. And back again to the undisputed sharing of the territory by Indians and herds of buffalo and the warm chinook blowing softly over the plains. All this history within the life span of several old men who even today sit quietly on their porches in this changing city.

There have also been days of definite and practical observation. My wife and I were considering new awnings so she accompanied me on an awning-observation day. I've had architecture days and landscape-gardening days. Mornings for bird watching and evenings to see the slanting rays of the sun color the foothills Indian red, violet and through the spectrum to cobalt and ultramarine.

THE FAMILY WALKS NOW

My teen-aged daughter and I have walked across the city, studying traffic patterns, driving habits and hazards to be avoided when the day comes that she is tested for her license. Most of the family is catching on. We share an intimacy that had not been our experience until my physician pointed me down the street. For a while I wondered about my son, the father of young Tad. During his boyhood some 20 years ago, I persuaded myself that business was all-important. Trade papers to read, buyers and salesmen to interview, service club functions to organize. No time for walking. Just see that the family is well fed, clothed and sheltered—get to know them later. And it seems that my son had been following the same pattern.

Then last week at an early hour the telephone buzzed and an excited little boy's voice rang out. "Grandpa! Grandpa! Do you know what? Daddy's got a new pair of walking boots. Are you coming over soon, Grandpa? Can we all go for a walk?"

That evening the last rays of the sun etched three shadows on the easterly slope of a russet foothill, two long shadows with a short one in between. The heart that faltered had found new strength. I looked back over 40 years and sensed the approval of Tad's great-grandfather.

—JOHN G. WITHERSPOON

19TH HOLE The readers take over

BASKETBALL: SHAME AND BEWARE

Sirs:

I was disgusted with the United States' effort in the recent world basketball tournament held in Chile (First Sportsink, New Times 81, Feb. 9).

The country which is the birthplace of basketball should set its best foot forward or not at all.

Shame on those involved in the various leagues—college, AAU or industrial—for not finding the time or sacrificing their league schedules for the defense of our national honor and prestige in a world tournament.

PAUL BADER

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sirs:

Jehoniah Tax's article was enjoyable and accurate. It also carried a note for Americans and Canadians to bear in mind at world hockey championship time.

Canadians were the first to feel the pain of sending fourth-class players to tournaments where other countries were sending their best. The States now feels the pinch, and I sympathize.

It might be an idea for Americans to bear in mind the points Mr. Tax brought out when they think that Canada is slipping hockeywise. We have lost the world championship a couple of times recently, but we hardly sent our best players. Rules and officiating vary in hockey, too.

We sympathize with you but, since we both suffer from the same ailment, how about you giving us some sympathy too?

RICHARD TAYLOR

Willowdale, Ont.

FOOD: THE FEMINE SOUL

Sirs:

It is a pleasure to tell you how much we enjoy Mary Frost Mahon's interesting and workable recipes—also, they are so temptingly illustrated.

Cooking is one of my hobbies, and with a large library of around-the-world cookbooks I still look forward to the unexpected in her stories.

MRS. LEO B. G. CARPENTER

San Francisco

Sirs:

The men have always been so very possessive about their magazine being purely masculine. It does my feminine soul good to see articles on food in it.

EDITH SUTCLIFFE

Heron's Roost, Fla.

Sirs:

I think it is all right to show the sportsman a simple way to prepare game shot

in the field, but when it comes to apple dumplings, pot pies and, worse, French chicken curry that is something else.

Betty Crocker is not covering the Rose Bowl, so why not let Mary Frost Mahon team up with Betty and leave the sports coverage to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?

FRED MENGHINI

Omaha

Sirs:

I enjoy very much Mrs. Mahon's various recipes. There are a couple that I have never found in any cookbook, and they are simple dishes that I have enjoyed in many fine restaurants.

One is a good recipe for braised sirloin or tenderloin tips cooked with the vegetables. The other is for a cheese dressing that is put on a sandwich made of toast, cold sliced turkey and crisp bacon.

GEORGE W. BRIGHTMAN

Knoxville

• Herewith Mrs. Mahon's recipes:

"Sirloin or tenderloin 'tips' are a good cut of steak cut raw in small pieces, then cooked fairly quickly. It is a dish that has become popular with the vogue of Oriental cookery. For four people cut a pound of lean sirloin or tenderloin steak in strips about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches long and about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Place these in a heavy 10-inch frying pan in which 2 tablespoons of vegetable oil have been heated, stirring over high fire till pieces are browned. Lower heat. Add 4 tablespoons finely diced onions or scallions, one green pepper cut in dice, 1 cup minced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced mushrooms; also 2 tablespoons more of vegetable oil and (optional) $\frac{1}{2}$ clove of garlic mashed. Season with salt and pepper. Stir till vegetables are coated with oil and slightly cooked. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beef bouillon. Cook covered 5 minutes. Then thicken slightly by adding a tablespoon of cornstarch (or more if thicker sauce is desired) dissolved in a little water with 2 teaspoons soy sauce. Cook uncovered, stirring till sauce thickens slightly and vegetables are tender.

"The hot cheese-turkey-bacon toasted sandwich referred to sounds like the so-called Hot Brown, for which the Brown Hotel in Louisville became famous.

"Here is a satisfactory cheese sauce to use for such a sandwich:

continued

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

America's National Sports Weekly

10TH HOLE continued

"To make 1½ cups of sauce (ample for 4 sandwiches) place in top of double boiler ½ cup milk, ½ pound sliced Cheddar cheese, 1½ teaspoon cayenne pepper and 2 teaspoons minced onion previously cooked soft without browning in a pat of butter. Heat and blend over the fire, stirring, till hot and smooth. Meanwhile, you have toasted 8 slices of white bread on one side only. Spread cheese sauce on toasted sides of 4 slices of the bread, laying turkey slices and crisp bacon on top, covering with more cheese sauce. Press 4 remaining bread slices, toasted side down, on top of prepared slices, brushing untoasted outside with melted butter. Toast in broiler or sandwich grill. Serve hot." —ED.

THAT P'VILLE PIE

Sire:

About Gerald Holland's *Restoration in Pockneyville* (SI, Feb. 2): Where's the apple crumb pie recipe?

Mound, Minn.

MARGUERITE HOAG

● We made a long-distance call to Pockneyville, Illinois last Saturday to talk to Mr. Luke at Luke's Café, but he wasn't there. He had a very big night because the Pockneyville Panthers played a return game with the Sparta Bulldogs Friday night, and it was a close one. The game was played in Sparta, and the Pinks won a tight 75-72, so Mr. Luke was spending the day in bed recovering. We asked Mrs. Luke for that apple crumb pie recipe. "Well," said Mrs. Luke, "I don't know whether we should give it out or not. Since Mr. Holland's story came out there's been some talk of a cash offer from a commercial bakery for that recipe." We approached Mrs. Mildred Krupp, who has been baking pies for Luke's for 15 years. After some verbal sparring Mrs. Krupp told us what we sort of suspected all along: a good country pie cook doesn't have recipes, takes a little of this and a little of that; a good cook knows these things by instinct. The apples are Winesaps, Mrs. Krupp volunteered, and the shortening is made by Kraft. That's as far as we got. —ED.

HAND A HAND AMONG THE AFICIONADOS

Sire:

Kenneth Tynan's profile on Antonio Ordóñez (*Hacienda*, *A Torero de Época*), SI, Jan. 26, is certainly a Garland of praises for my favorite bullfighter. Unfortunately, the article has enough errors of fact and generalization to discount its value. Tynan is an articulate British drama

critic who writes on the bulls with literate enthusiasm, but sometimes his technical mistakes trail like shadows over his variegated praise.

Only prejudiced or superficial aficionados can accept this symphonic analysis of Ordóñez, who looks back on 1928 as the first great season of his life. This does not make a *torero de época*. The term *torero de época* is a serious expression with an explicit meaning, and it is used by taurine authorities with the utmost care. A *torero de época* must leave his signature on an epoch, and that means a lot more than being the most important bullfighter in an era. It takes bullfighting genius to make an epoch out of an era.

Domingo Ortega is a good example of a bullfighter who, probably, characterized an era. But this limited, heavy, able and conscientious matador showed his skill under the adroit management of Domingo's father. I watched him fight for several years but saw no epochal figure.

Tynan states that Ordóñez revealed himself in 1928 as the "first undisputed *torero de época* since the death of Manolete." What Ordóñez proved last year is that he is ready to dispute the No. 1 position with Luis Miguel Dominguín. I am an Ordóñez man, and I expect to see him prove this year that the last *torero de época* was a combination of happy circumstances. I am sorry to see him placed prematurely on the dizzy heights of *época* publicity.

It is a serious error to say his superiority is "undisputed." All over Spain they are discussing the relative merits of Ordóñez and Dominguín. No two *toreros* have caused such violent controversy since the days of Belmonte and Joselito. As of now, the name Dominguín fills a place more than that of Ordóñez. A rivalry with Dominguín could light the greatest blazing star ever to cross the taurine sky. It is not yet in orbit.

Tynan says that Dominguín took a holiday "after officials decided to enforce the old taurine code which barred clapping and blunting bull's horns." This was an unfortunate implication, because Ordóñez took a holiday at the same time, 1953. He did not point out that they were clapping and blunting horns all over Spain last year.

Tynan calls the bull fair at Málaga "the brightest spot on the Spanish taurine calendar." This is far from a fact, despite the enthusiasm of its established, interesting and kaleidoscopic British-American colony.

Tynan says he had never known of two bullfighters buying extra bulls in a single corrida until Málaga last year. I not only have heard of such a thing, I have seen it happen.

Tynan declares that Ordóñez will have to pass the "final test": "This is to fight six bulls singlehanded in the Madrid arena, a feat of stamina and concentration which ultimately decides a matador's range, class and place in history." He has been misinformed. This is simply not true.

New York City

RAY SMITH

● "What Mr. Smith calls 'errors of fact,'" replies Kenneth Tynan, "are

actually matters of opinion. There is no hard and fast definition of what constitutes a *torero de época*, any more than there is of what constitutes a great actor. I think Ordóñez has the qualifications; Mr. Smith disagrees; and that's all there is to be said. As to his comparison of Ordóñez to Dominguín: the latter made a come-back halfway through last season and, as I wrote, had some fine afternoons. But during the preceding five years he had made only a handful of appearances in Spain, usually with scandalously underweight bulls, and his reputation among serious aficionados had slumped almost to vanishing point. Ordóñez, by contrast, although he took a short holiday after his marriage at the end of 1953, was back in the ring in 1954, and (apart from his year of military service) has stayed there ever since. It is Dominguín, now, who must prove himself. Incidentally, I dispute Mr. Smith's estimate of the latter's box-office pull. Last season, even at his own small plaza in Guadalajara, I saw him play to far less than capacity.

"As for horn shaving 'all over Spain' last year: the practice has unquestionably been creeping back since the rigors of 1954; although for several years the edict was strictly enforced.

"I repeat that, for me, the Málaga bull fair is 'the brightest' in Spain. (Not, of course, the most important; that honor belongs to the Madrid *feria* of San Isidro.) Next year the August festivities in Málaga will offer more fights (12 are promised) than any fair outside Madrid. And I shall be surprised if Madrid offers better bulls; Málaga, alone among the big *ferias*, concentrates almost exclusively on Andalusian breeds, instead of the flabby Salamanca cattle preferred by most matadors.

"I said with perfect accuracy that I'd never known two fighters buying extra bulls in the same afternoon to happen before. I'm glad to hear that Mr. Smith has had the same, rare experience.

"On the question of six bulls in Madrid, I advise Mr. Smith to consult Angus Macnab's *Fighting Bulls*, which has been acclaimed, in Spain as well as on both sides of the Atlantic, as the best book on the corrida to have been written in English since Hemingway's. Mr. Macnab thinks, as I do, that a solo performance in Madrid is the touchstone of a matador's quality. Again, Mr. Smith's disagreement, though interesting, must not be mistaken for disproof. It may be worth adding that the man—Joséito—who is generally regarded as the greatest all-round bullfighter of the century, is also the man who performed the feat most often."—ED.

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GLADYS HELDMAN

'The players cooperated to a man'

The United States Lawn Tennis executive committee sat down the other day, faced west and voted not to sponsor this year's indoor national championship, traditionally held in New York. Their reason: the committee interpreted the frown on Perry Jones's face to mean he would not allow Olmedo and his other Davis Cup boys to come east, thus guaranteeing box-office disaster.

All seemed lost when up stepped Gladys Heldman, editor and pub-

lisher of *World Tennis*, and with the backing of a few old friends of tennis rescued the 56th installment of the famous old tournament (Feb. 19 to 23 in New York) by guaranteeing the USLTA against loss. Mrs. Heldman, herself the mother of two young competitors, has made the tournament a sellout: "The top players rallied to a man—Olmedo, MacKay and Buchholz, plus Drobny, Savitt, Mulloy and Bill Talbert. This is going to be one of the finest ever."

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